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A CENTENNIAL SONG.

By REV. GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR, M.A.

THOU, O all-inspiring Spirit! all-illuming, unconfined,
Deep from out the inmost ardors of the calm, eternal Mind
Breathe on us thy fiery effluence, those who hear, and him who sings,
Flash through every soul thy fervors! Waft us all on rapture's wings!

Ere from godlike bliss Edenic lured and hurled by hosts of hell,
Man, the favorite of Jehovah, like a new-born planet fell,
In the counsels of creation, ere the endless silence heard:
"LET THERE BE!"—and worlds from nothing rolled harmonious at the word;—
There, ere eldest archangelic orders hymned the wondrous plan,
Yearned the undiscovered Godhead with the love that died for man:
Yearned, and when he fell proclaimed it in that promise faint and far,
Glimmering down Earth's twilight distance like a dim and misty star.
Down long prehistoric ages, down the patriarchal years,
Dawned its beams on saints and sages, rose on raptured bards and seers,
Till, with one wild burst of anthems warbling through a thousand spheres,
Lo, Immanuel, Everlasting Saviour, Prince of Peace, appears!

Day immortal! Day uncelebrated still, though Earth so long
Beats and pants with pulse seraphic, soaring up the heights of song!
Not by mortal lays, and not by all the ecstatic choirs above,
Ever has been, ever shall be told Redemption's depth of love.
As the broad, bright tides of morning stream o'er Ocean's boundless breast,
As from out the East the lightning shineth even to the West,
So, through every land and language to the known world's farthest bound,
Flew the glad news of salvation and the long-lost Eden found!

Wondrous then the change transforming hearts and nations in a day!
Men, to moles and bats their idols casting, owned Messiah's sway;
Art, philosophy and learning, song and science, power and fame,
Thrones and kingdoms, mightiest empires, all adored Immanuel's name.

Then, alas! a wave of midnight o'er the troubled nations spread;
Manhood failed and Freedom perished; learning, science, song were dead;
And the great salvation, bought for man with agony divine,
Bound, blasphemed, was sold for lucre, bartered at an impious shrine!

Lo, once more celestial sunrise wide o'er Earth in splendor plays!
Gloom and error flee before it, smit with Truth's resistless rays!
Rack and dungeon, axe and fagot, all in vain its light withstand;
God's almighty love must conquer,—who can bind Jehovah's hand?
Wickliffe, Huss, Savanarola, Calvin, Luther, Cranmer rose,
Wrapped in zeal like Israel's prophets when they pled with Israel's foes;
Rending off the soul's base bondage, long in blood and vileness trod,
Pointing faith alone to Jesus, conscience only to its God.

Then, with vast and wondrous quickening, lo! the mind of man awoke!
Nations started from their slumbers as at midnight thunder-stroke!
Seas were crossed, new worlds discovered, stars unknown from darkness swung!
'Round the globe the shout of progress rang through every land and tongue!

Then, ah! then a cloud of evil, scoffing, doubt, dispute, and sin
Veiled the brightness of the dawning, shut the heavenly sunrise in;
Wrapped in shade Immanuel's standard, late o'er longing lands unfurled;
Damped the fire on Zion's altars, dimmed her light that lights the world!
But not thus could fail God's promise, purposed ere the world began,
Breathing, burning down the ages unextinguished love for man:
Not one jot or tittle written ever from his law shall fail;
'Gainst the Church, by Jesus planted, gates of hell shall ne'er prevail.

Lo! immortal WESLEY, scorning ease and pleasure, honor, fame,
All his mind on fire from heaven, all his heart with love a-flame,
All his ardent soul illumed, anointed with the Holy Ghost,
Sanctified and sealed, arises, called to lead the blood-washed host!
Called to preach the great salvation, boundless, endless, full and free,
Grace that saves man's utmost being, saves through all eternity!

Thousands caught the rapturous tidings; heard, believed with shouts of praise;
Spread from isle to isle the story, set Britannia in a blaze!
O'er three thousand miles of ocean winds and waves the message bore,
Like a spark from heaven falling, kindling on this New World's shore!
Here a while, repressed, it smouldered, till, by God's own Spirit fanned,
Glimmering, rising, spreading, mounting, soon it swept o'er all the land!

First in *Barbara Heck's* pure spirit leapt to life the long-pent gleam;
Swift from soul to soul it lightened, darting wide its dazzling beam,
Till, as flames o'er autumn prairies fling their banners fierce and high,
Mingling in a fiery ocean flashing earth and glowing sky,
So the chariot of Jehovah, wrapped in brightness, as of yore,
In a pentecostal whirlwind swept the wondering nations o'er!

Embury and *Webb* and *Strawbridge* first the lambent tongues confessed;
Owen, *Williams*, *King*, and *Watters*, *Boardman*, *Pilmoor*, heroes blessed;—
ASBURY, the great Apostle; *Whatcoat*, *Rankin*, *Shadford*, *Lee*;
Abbott, *Garretson*, and *Coughlan*, *Neal*, *M'Geary*, *Black*, *Losee*;
Wooster, *Poythress*, *Cooper*, *Dickens*, *George*, *M'Kendree*, *Roberts*, *Cook*;
Emory, *Hedding*, *Fisk*, and *Olin*, *Bangs*, all graved in God's great book;—
Names illustrious as their labors;—deathless as the march of time;—
Bright with undecaying glory—sainted, high, serene, sublime!

Then rose venerable "JOHN STREET," and "SAINT GEORGE'S" ample shrine,
Altars where God's own Shekinah burned with ceaseless light divine;
Where the living word, like lightning, fell from fire-touched lips of old,
And the shouts of new-born thousands heavenward like an anthem rolled!
Not alone the blissful baptism Wesley's favored followers knew,
O'er the land, inspired and radiant, matchless, wondrous WHITEFIELD flew:
Every priesthood, creed, and order owned the impulse, proved the power;
Far and widening spread the influence, deepening, heightening every hour.

Next came war and revolution. Strife and uproar shook the land;
Leagued oppression toiled to conquer Freedom's young heroic band;
But Jehovah, God of battles, saved the weak but smote the strong,
And a NATION rose victorious, hailed around the world with song!

Then, with her, a CHURCH as mighty called her heralds from afar,
Chose her chiefs, and rose organic, marshaled for a heavenlier war:
"FREE GRACE," "FREEDOM," "FULL SALVATION," on her blood-stained banner flew;
And around the cross she wrapped the starry flag—red, white, and blue!
True to man, and true to Jesus, panoplied in light she stood;
Heaven to her one hope for all men, man one blood-bought brotherhood.
"HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD" and "PERFECT LOVE" illumed her van;—
Thus complete her march triumphant down the centuries began.

Then what future lay before her, save Jehovah who could tell?
What her agonies and conquests, how her gathering hosts should swell
Till, to-day, the shouts of millions shake the earth and cleave the sky,
Echoed back by millions ransomed, warbling through eternity!
On, through storms that rocked the nations, bold she held her glorious track,
Grandly stood for God and justice, cast no glance of trembling back;
And when hell-born, foul rebellion rose in fierce infernal ire,
Up she sprang a harnessed seraph, bright with keen celestial fire!
Where the foremost ranks of Freedom, winged with wrath, to victory rode,
There the cross above the eagle like a meteor gleamed and glowed!
And among the faint and dying walked sweet Mercy's angel bands,
On their lips the love of Jesus, life and healing in their hands.

Lo, the giant conflict ended! Slavery's shackles rent in twain!
Righteousness and Peace, embracing, soon o'er all shall smile and reign!
Millions kneel on fetters broken, bathe with tears the blood-dyed sod,
Shout their anthems throbbing up the sunlight of the throne of God!
Stretch their anxious arms imploring for man's rights withheld so long,
Asking only light and justice, fearing only hate and wrong.

With the nation's joy exultant, lo! anew the Church upsprings,
Fired with purer, loftier rapture, while a holier joy she sings!
Wesley's children, myriads, millions, bless with transport and with tears
Him whose grace has brought them victors through a hundred deathless years!
Thronging now in thousand temples glad they bend the adoring knee,
Pealing high their great CENTENNIAL, thundering forth their JUBILEE!
On their century's latest confines peering backward in amaze!
Forward on a future grander than e'er greeted prophet's gaze!

Church of God, what wonders wait thee in that future hastening near,
In this New World's vast arena, noblest empire on the sphere!
What thy myriads who can number? How thy greatness yet shall mount?
What thy work, thy trust stupendous? Who can sum the dread account?
Deep in utmost, sweet abasement mourn thy sins, forsake, abhor;
Claim thy spotless robe, and wear it; rise, already conqueror!
Pile thy gifts like golden mountains! Heap thy holocausts untold!
Bid the spires of countless temples tower toward heaven while time grows old!
Build thy schools for unborn prophets! Rear the halls of hallowed lore!
Let long-distant generations bless their sires who wrought before!
Aid thy struggling sons whose souls, on fire with Heaven's resistless call,
Grope through nameless want and heart-ache toward that sun which shines for all!
Send thy light to those in darkness! Save thy children! Save the poor!
Broadly sow beside all waters;—God shall make the harvest sure!

Living temple of Jehovah, precious in thy light most clear,
Framed to mock hell's hate, upsoaring till thy dome shall roof the sphere,
Not in mortal might nor wisdom lay thy deep foundations low;
Not in earthly pomp and grandeur let the wondrous fabric grow.
On the Rock of endless ages bid thy crystal turrets climb,
Gold and jasper, emerald, diamond—stones of truth to last through time!

Israel's God, we bow before thee;—all our inmost souls we bow:—
Take our prostrate hearts and treasures:—seal our consecration now!—
Let the rushing, fiery whirlwind, as of old thy Spirit came,
Fill thy temples—fill thy children—crown thy Church with tongues of flame!
Up, O Zion!—Tell the story!—shout the tale to millions dumb!
God is risen in glory on thee!—Rise and shine, thy light is come!

PHILIP EMBURY'S HOUSE,
In which the first Methodist Sermon was preached in the City of New York, 1766.

STRAWBRIDGE MEETING-HOUSE, MD., 1766.

THE RIGGING LOFT,
Occupied as a Preaching-place by the Methodists of New York in 1766.

THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH AND PARSONAGE, IN NEW YORK.
Built in John Street in 1768.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1866.

PARTY LEADERS.

MR. SEWARD, in his speech at Niagara, or at some other point in Western New York, said that the party to which he lately belonged was sure to be defeated because it had no leader. He predicted its defeat by sixty days—we mean, by forty thousand majority—and asked to be considered no prophet if the event showed him to be mistaken. The New York *Times* reasons differently from Mr. SEWARD. It thinks we are to be beaten, not because we have no leader, but because we have such bad ones. The *Evening Post* also utterly repudiates certain persons as leaders of the Union party, and loudly calls upon the *Tribune* to declare whether it acknowledges Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS as a leader. Now if what is called leadership were an essential element of success in this canvass we should like to ask all these authorities what they think of the prospects of a party of which Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON is leader? Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, Mr. SUMNER, General BUTLER, and Governor BROWNLOW may be very unwise men and advocate a very impracticable policy; but has there been in the history of our politics a more utterly unwise and desperate gentleman than the President?

As a matter of fact there is no leader of the great popular Union party which sustains the Amendment, and there is need of none. The policy which is supported by the sound, humane, patriotic judgment of the country, which has triumphed in Maine and Vermont by overwhelming majorities, and will go on triumphing in every State, and will secure the just and reasonable restoration of the Union, is not the policy of Mr. STEVENS, or of Mr. SUMNER, or of Mr. GREELEY, or of Governor HAMILTON, or of Parson BROWNLOW, or of General BUTLER; it is the policy of the intelligent common-sense of the American people. The gentlemen we have named follow that policy, they do not direct it. They all belong to the Union party because their purpose is the same—namely, equal rights among American citizens. They all plainly and strongly express their views as to the best methods of obtaining that result. But they speak with no other authority or influence than lies in the more or less good sense of their suggestions. Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, for instance, is a high protectionist, and he advocates general confiscation. But the Union party is not a tariff party, and does not see the wisdom of confiscation. Mr. GREELEY, again, favors protection, but is opposed to confiscation. Mr. SUMNER is silent upon protection, and urges impartial suffrage as a condition of restoration. General HAMILTON agrees with Mr. SUMNER in his condition, but is probably a strong free-trader. All these gentlemen undoubtedly favor impartial suffrage in some form as the chief condition of restoration; but the party with which they act has nowhere authoritatively declared for that specific measure, and they have yielded their judgment to that of the party.

Those who complain of the gentlemen we have named as leaders—the *Evening Post* in protesting against them, the *Times* in deploring the hold which they have on the party—seem to forget the facts. Mr. STEVENS was called the leader of Congress at its late session. But if by leader be meant the author of a policy, he was plainly no leader at all. The policy of Congress was declared in the Report of the Reconstruction Committee. But not only was that not the work of Mr. STEVENS, but he bitterly and openly regretted it. Not a single important measure, except the appointment of the Committee, proposed by Mr. STEVENS was adopted by the House. It honored his profound conviction, his Roman firmness, his noble fidelity to equal rights, but it did not follow him. So with Mr. SUMNER in the Senate. His proposition to require impartial suffrage as a precedent condition of restoration received three votes besides his own.

The tendency of the great Union party is toward the peace and prosperity which spring from justice and equality of rights; that of their opponents to the dominance of that spirit of caste and hatred of race and class which will forever embroil the country. Of the first tendency the men of whom we have spoken are representatives; of the second, VALLANDIGHAM, FERNANDO WOOD, JOHN T. HOFFMAN, HORATIO SEYMOUR, and HEISTER CLYMER are equally representatives. These last opposed the war, perplexed the administration, urged at Chicago surrender to the rebellion, and supported General M'CLELLAN upon that platform. The others sustained the war to the glorious end, in full reliance upon the heroism and intelligence of the people. Mr. HOFFMAN and Mr. CLYMER, with their friends and supporters, who were the Peace Copperheads of the war, now insist that the States which rebelled shall immediately return to Congress with increased power, based upon a loyal population to which they refuse all share in representation. Mr. STEVENS and Mr. SUMNER and their friends act heartily with the party which demands that loyal States shall not have lost their equality in representation because they were loyal. They are high privates in the Union ranks, which support the Constitutional Amendment as the condition of restoration, but they are not the directors of the policy of the party.

CENTENARY OF METHODISM.

WE devote some attention this week to the Centenary of American Methodism. For good or ill, this form of Protestantism has become the predominant ecclesiastical fact of the nation. The official Census places it, numerically, far in advance of any other American religious body, and the general religious statistics of the country show that it comprises nearly one-half of all our Protestant communicants. Its progress and attitude can not, therefore, fail to be, in this its hundredth year, a matter of much interest, not merely to religionists, but to statesmen and citizens generally.

It celebrates its epoch not only with religious observances, but with gigantic financial projects. Its last General Conference, in enacting the programme of the Jubilee, intimated that two millions of dollars might be raised. Its journals announced, in July, that one million was already subscribed, though the formal efforts of the scheme had not yet been begun, and would not be till October. It is now generally supposed that about five millions will be raised. Some of its authorities are proposing ten millions. The one million actually pledged guarantees the success of the year. It is, we suppose, the largest amount ever contributed by an American denomination, in one year, for a special occasion. Nearly all these funds are to be consecrated to the educational interests of the Church—a very significant fact.

The success of Methodism is one of the most interesting problems of ecclesiastical history. But one hundred years old in this country, and a hundred and twenty-seven years in Europe, it is, more or less, planted to-day on all the outlines of the globe, and its congregations include about one-seventh of the Protestant population of the world.

In this country it has been incomparably more vigorous than in the Old World; and as early as 1820 (only thirty years after the death of WESLEY) it advanced to the front of the whole Wesleyan movement, with a majority of 17,000 over English Methodism with all its foreign dependencies. Its practical system, and perhaps also its theology, were specially congenial to the new hemisphere. Its several bodies are singularly homogeneous—are indeed identical in theology and internal discipline, and differ only in some general features of ecclesiastical polity, such as episcopacy and lay-representation. About half of the Methodism of the United States is embodied in "the Methodist Episcopal Church." The other half consists of several bodies, all of which differ from the parent body by admitting lay-representation in their supreme councils. Their combined population, including communicants and congregational adherents, amounts to between one-fifth and one-fourth of the whole national population. They comprise about 2,000,000 communicants, 15,000 local and 14,000 traveling preachers; 200 colleges and academies with 32,000 students; publishing institutions with an aggregate capital of about $1,000,000—the one in New York city having on its catalogue more than 300 books and 900 tracts, besides 2300 Sunday-school volumes, and scattering more than 1,000,000 copies of the latter annually, and 300,000 copies of Sunday-school periodicals monthly. The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, alone, has more than 1000 "circuits" and "stations," foreign and domestic, nearly 1200 laborers, more than 105,000 communicants, including 30,000 Germans and Scandinavians, with 350 preachers using their own languages. It is to raise $1,000,000 this year, besides the "Centenary contributions" of the Church. This one Church has also more than 1,500,000 Sunday scholars, and an army of 200,000 Sunday-school teachers. These are certainly surprising facts for a religious body which may still be said to be historically in its infancy.

Theologically, Methodism claims to be nearly if not quite identical with the Church of England. Its only standard, or symbol of doctrines (in America, at least) is an abridgment of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Anglican Church, made by WESLEY, who, it is well known, was a tenacious Churchman. It entirely eliminates, however, all distinctively Calvinistic tenets. It is peculiar in having no obligatory creed; its historians boasting that it was one of the practical maxims of WESLEY'S policy "not to maintain its spiritual life by its doctrinal orthodoxy, but to maintain its orthodoxy by its spiritual life." They affirm that it has never had a serious outbreak of heresy. WESLEY threw out of his abridgment all "creeds" except the "Apostles' Creed," and this he retained only in the Formula of Baptism, which has not been applicable to most of his people, as most were baptized before they became Methodists, and most of their children are baptized before they become members. He published some "General Rules" as the "only" terms of membership; these are entirely practical, and do not include a single dogmatic condition. His "Articles of Religion" are not recognized by these "rules," but are placed apart in the Book of Discipline more as an "indicatory" than "obligatory" standard of doctrine—showing what an inquirer may expect to find taught in the preaching of the Church, but not what he shall be required to subscribe in order to become a communicant. Consent to the "Articles," however, is required as a *functional* qualification for the ministry; and there is, we believe, singular uniformity of teaching in Methodism.

The denomination has a good record for loyalty. Made up in an eminent sense of the people, it has thoroughly identified itself with the popular cause. WESLEY was at first opposed to the Colonial Revolution, having indiscreetly republished an abridgment of his friend, Dr. JOHNSON'S, pamphlet against it. But immediately on receiving news of the battles of Concord and Lexington he changed his position, took sides with the Colonies, and so wrote to the Earl of DARTMOUTH. The letter has been published, and Mr. BANCROFT has taken special pains to vindicate WESLEY by using this document in his seventh volume. Most of the Methodist preachers in America at the outbreak of the war were Englishmen, and, like the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church, hastened back to England. This fact prejudiced much the public mind against the new denomination, but it was as loyal as any other religious body. Some of its preachers suffered for not subscribing the loyal test-oaths of the times in the middle Colonies; but these oaths were prescribed by the respective Colonies, and required the preachers to be ready to take up arms and enter the military service when called upon to do so. This they could not do consistently with their ministerial character, and their refusal brought no little trouble upon some of them in Maryland and Virginia. This Church, however, was the first to formally recognize the new Government under WASHINGTON, who was on cordial terms with their first bishops. When also the States' sovereignty doctrine (the germ of the late rebellion) began to infect the public mind, and found expression in the Kentucky resolutions of 1798, and those of Virginia in 1799, at a time when the whole country was in agitation, and both parties were appealing to the Church and its energetic preachers, the "General Conference," which, before the Constitution was adopted, had acknowledged (in their Articles of Religion) the Government as a "Confederation," struck out this word, and boldly declared in its stead that "these States are a *sovereign* and independent *nation!*" Trained in this view of their country the Methodists were fully prepared for the late war. They sent a hundred thousand white, and seventy-five thousand black troops into the field under the loyal flag. Every one of the journals of the Methodist Episcopal Church (some fifteen or twenty) has been intensely loyal, and, so far as we are able to observe, are now intensely "Radical," demanding the fullest, squarest, most uncompromised Republican reconstruction of the country—the repression of the last remnant of slavery and the rebellion, and the entire recognition of the humanity and rights of the entire population of the Republic.

What is to be the future of this curious "religious development" called Methodism? It has been supposed that it must pass out of its heroic period—its life of enthusiasm—into a period of repose and declension; but there is yet little or no evidence of such a tendency. Wesleyan Methodism, as a distinct body, in England has had reverses. It lost 100,000 members by a single secession; but it declares itself yet progressive, and it has the grandest force in mission operations of any Protestant church—a fact that would seem to guarantee continued life in any church. If even the Wesleyan body could be shown to be declining, yet Methodism itself can not be, for the English seceders are genuinely Methodistic; and, aggregately, the Methodism of England is as energetic and progressive to-day as ever.

In this country it seems at present in its most robust vigor. It has got clear of some of its early peculiarities, but, we think, much to its advantage and the popular good. Its leading men have apparently wisely discerned the needs of its successive stages; they have led it to provide an extraordinary system of educational institutions—one that drew from the late EDWARD EVERETT the compliment that the Methodist Episcopal Church is the most active religious body in the country in the education of the people. It has provided for ministerial education, and for the diffusion of literature on a national scale. It is dotting the whole geography of the nation with its church edifices, and is aspiring to the best architectural style. It has the most powerful religious press in the world. Its ministry has always been, and is increasingly, supplied with men of singular force of mind and character; its ASBURYS, M'KENDREES, LEES, ABBOTTS, EMORYS, BANGS, SUMMERFIELDS, OLINS, etc. It has its missionary representatives stationed pretty much around the whole globe, and has laid out work enough, we conjecture, to keep it well alive till at least another hundred years shall pass over it.

GEN. GRANT AND MR. BEECHER.

THE Copperheads certainly can not very loudly exult over what they call General GRANT'S support of the President's policy, nor upon the accession of Mr. BEECHER. General GRANT says plainly that he is a soldier, and has nothing to do or to say about politics; and Mr. BEECHER, as we never for a moment doubted, is as true a friend of equal rights as ever.

The desperate efforts of the Copperhead press to make it appear that General GRANT supports the President's policy, because he stood at the President's side when he received the Committee of the RANDALL Philadelphia Convention, and because he accompanied him on his late journey, are brought to sudden grief by the General's letter, saying that he sees with regret any officer of the army taking a conspicuous part in politics, and by his very plain declaration that "to ask men whose sons had shed their blood for the Union to vote for men who had been disloyal to it was the greatest insult that could be offered." Speaking as a man and a soldier, he added that HEISTER CLYMER, the Copperhead candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, was such a man as he meant, and that it was a gross insult to ask a loyal citizen to vote for him against a true and tried soldier of the Union army. Indeed the General shares the instinctive antipathy of all patriotic men toward Copperheads, and as they are the great bulk of the supporters of the President's policy, it is not very probable that the General is very anxious for their success. As his Commander-in-Chief the President invited him to the White House when the Philadelphia Committee came, and also asked him to accompany him upon his journey, and the General obeyed. His position is purely military. He has taken no part, and means to take no part, in the present political discussion; and his sympathies in any particular case are, so far as he has expressed himself, based upon the simplest patriotic and not political considerations.

Mr. BEECHER'S position is different. He is a civilian, and, in a general sense, a party man. But he exercised his plain right of counsel as to the policy of his party in a particular emergency. Undoubtedly the form in which he cast his counsel was extremely agreeable to the opponents of those with whose spirit and general aims he sympathizes, and was consequently very painful to his friends. When he perceived this, and that his action was entirely misunderstood, he did not hesitate to declare, what no true friend had doubted, that his heart and convictions were wholly unchanged, while he repeated his honest difference upon the point of expediency. But of course Mr. BEECHER prefers to act with the party of equal rights, even with a policy which he does not altogether approve, than with those who are the traditional enemies of justice and liberty. The *Tribune's* accusation of treachery was simply absurd.

If General GRANT and Mr. BEECHER are specimens of the bulwarks of the Copperhead fortress, we fear it will not stand very long against the coming earthquake.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR INVESTMENTS.

WHILE Southern gentlemen of one kind are assuring us, in Conventions and at public meetings, that the South asks nothing of the North but its "rights," which are denied to it by the blood-thirsty radicals of Congress, Southern gentlemen of another kind, who tell a very different story, are becoming pretty plentiful in Wall, Pine, and South streets. These latter gentlemen have all come here on a very simple mission: they all want money. They have for sale houses, lands, wharves, railways, canals, bridges, factories, mines, plantations, baronial estates, islands, promontories, rivers, and creeks. Properties which have never been in the market before—which have been transmitted from father to son for generations, like the ancestral domains of the British nobility, and upon which money has been lavished by each successive proprietor according to his means and to his taste—are now seeking a purchaser at prices which would have been deemed moderate a generation since. Noble estates in Virginia, with lordly parks, extensive farming lands, and ample capacity for self-support if managed with proper skill, can be bought for very much less money than a second-class house in Fifth Avenue. Railroads, which before the war were held exclusively by their original proprietors, and paid large dividends on their stock, can be acquired for less than half their cost. Mines, which have yielded from 15 @ 25 per cent. annually, are offered for sale at prices which will give the purchaser even more than this exorbitant income. In a word, every thing at the South is for sale. The people have every thing but money. And as they can do without every thing but money, they must sell, and will be forced to sell, that which they have

at such prices as they can obtain. At home they can neither sell nor borrow. The proprietor of an unincumbered estate worth before the war $40,000, recently went to Richmond, Virginia, and vainly endeavored to borrow $1000 on mortgage. No one had the money to lend. Further South it is still worse. The new National Banks are using all their means in the cotton trade. Landed proprietors and owners of railways and other industrial enterprises can get no aid at home. Even for such trifling sums as $500 and $1000 they are compelled to send North.

The opportunity should not be neglected by Northern capitalists. Slavery removed, there is no reason why the South should lag behind the West in material development, progressive population, or wealth. No part of this country has been so blessed by nature as Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. The soil will grow any thing, from cotton to the finest wheat in the world; the climate is unsurpassed. A judicious traveler paid a compliment to the finest parts of France in saying that they reminded him of Virginia. And indeed there are but few Departments of France which can compare with that noble State. Kentucky and Tennessee are equally blessed. But for slavery each of these three States would at this time have supported a population larger than that of New York. With the abolition of slavery there is every reason to believe that the tide of European immigration will be diverted to these fertile States from Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa. It would not be surprising if the next ten years witnessed a development of what used to be called the Border Slave States as marked and as thorough as was the development of the Northwestern States between 1850 and 1860. Neither Wisconsin, Minnesota, nor Iowa can for a moment compare with Virginia or Kentucky in natural gifts. And as men have become millionaires by simply buying farms in judiciously-selected spots in the Northwestern States, or by judicious investments in the railways and other industrial enterprises of that section, it is not at all impossible but that similar investments in the now impoverished States of the South, especially the more northerly of the Southern States, may hereafter, under the impulse of European immigration, improved systems of agriculture, and, above all, a new and better public spirit, prove equally remunerative.

It is, cf course, to the interest of the nation at large that the South should recover as soon as possible from the distress into which the war plunged her. All Northern men possessing common sense will aid her recovery by every means in their power. It is to be hoped that their efforts, which will naturally take the shape of pecuniary investments in the Southern States, will not be thwarted by exhibitions of the old intolerant spirit which was characteristic of the pro-slavery leaders. It may be hoped, for instance, that the purchaser of any one of the fine estates in Virginia which are now offered at low prices in our market will be permitted to select his own reading, to subscribe to the papers he likes, and will not be coerced by a Vigilance Committee into abandoning a newspaper which suits him because his neighbors know too little to appreciate it. These points might as well be understood at once. We have seen a letter from a bookseller and news-dealer of a small town in South Carolina, written within three months, declaring that his neighbors forbade his selling any more copies of a certain popular Northern periodical. At the same time we have been solicited to negotiate the sale of certain property belonging to impoverished Southerners in that same locality. There is a slight inconsistency here. How can a Northern real estate agent or banker recommend his friends to buy or advance money on property which can only be tenanted subject to such conditions as the mob of the adjacent bar-rooms may dictate? We Northern men can not endure interference with our political creed. Some of us read the *Tribune*, some the *Herald*, some the *Times*, and some the *World*. But none of us will live where the enjoyment of our favorite paper is likely to be interfered with by outsiders. Before Northern capital flows South to relieve the necessities of that region the Northern "notion" of free speech and free thought must precede it. The state of society so graphically depicted in that admirable work, "Inside," must undergo a radical change before the most energetic Northern broker can succeed in procuring much Northern money to help the South to its legs.

We entreat our Southern friends to understand—if their agents have not already made them acquainted with the fact—that they can derive no help at present from Northern Copperhead leaders or newspapers. Our Northern Copperheads have generally lost their money, and have all lost their credit. The Copperhead newspapers have no more influence than the letters of STEPHEN H. BRANCH.

The South wants money. It must have money. It will pay to lend it money. But it will be impossible for any Southerner to borrow money, even at the most usurious rate, on the most undeniable security, if the lender is to be subjected at the South to disabilities or limitations of his social and personal rights.

A CLEAR ISSUE.

THE Address of the National Union Committee states briefly, precisely, and forcibly the exact issue. It is sharply defined, and there can be no misapprehension. It is the issue set forth at Syracuse, at the Loyal Southern Convention in Philadelphia, and by every Union orator and journal in the country. The foolish cry that nobody but the President and the Democrats know what they want has already died away. Vermont and Maine know distinctly what they wish. Illinois and Pennsylvania and Ohio and New York are not in the least doubt. The present issue is that the Constitutional Amendment, which the President himself formerly warmly favored, shall be adopted by any late insurgent State before it resumes its place in Congress.

This Amendment simply fixes in the organic law the legitimate results of the war.

First, It defines and defends citizenship in the United States and its rights.

Second, It bases representation upon the voting population; so that if any State chooses to keep a portion of its population uneducated, debased, and powerless, it shall not use that population to balance the intelligent and thrifty of other States; and also, that the change produced by emancipation in the original constitutional adjustment of representation may be rectified.

Third, Whoever has held office by the tenure of an oath to the Constitution of the United States, which oath he has violated in order to plot and act treason against the Government, shall be disabled from office until Congress relieves the disability.

Fourth, The national debt shall never be repudiated, and the rebel debt shall never be paid by any State, nor any payment be made for emancipated slaves.

Fifth, Congress shall have power to enforce these guarantees by appropriate legislation.

This is the question before the people. Shall it be the country and mankind and equal liberty and steady loyalty which have gained by our victory, or shall it be the rebellion which, defeated in the field, outwits us in the surrender? And this is the question which the people understand, and have fully resolved to settle once for all.

THE HISTORICAL LESSON OF THE HOUR.

IN the decision of the great question now before the country we need not only sagacity but knowledge. It is not to be wisely settled by an emotion, however generous, nor by a theory, however ingenious. The proper statesmen for such a crisis are honest and shrewd and humane men who are also familiar with the great lessons of experience. Indeed, a radical defect of our national legislation is want of thorough education. Good men and true men may often adopt a false and dangerous political policy, simply because they are not familiar with the conduct of men in other countries and at other times. In other words, a general and accurate knowledge of history is essential to a successful statesman.

We wish, therefore, that the address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College at its late anniversary, by Honorable ANDREW D. WHITE, might be printed and universally circulated as a political tract of the highest order. Mr. WHITE, of Syracuse lately, and we believe still honorary Professor of History in the University of Michigan, is Senator in the New York Legislature from the Onondaga district. His historical studies are extensive and profound, and in the present instance he brings them to bear like a Drummond light upon what seems to many minds the obscurity of the situation; and this is done without a word of allusion, except incidentally, to this country. Mr. WHITE maintains in his address that history shows the most energetic foe of liberty, the most dangerous to moral sentiment, the most destructive of nationality, to have been always an aristocracy based upon habits or traditions of oppression; and from the proofs of this fact he draws a corollary of the only means by which the dangers springing from such an aristocracy can ever be permanently removed. Other battles may be longer, but this is the sharpest; "and as a nation uses its strength during the contest, and as it uses its wits after the contest," its national life is a success or a failure.

To the proof he summons Spain. He shows how the aristocracy was the disturbing element by erecting a substitute for patriotism, a substitute for political morality, and a theory of easy treason and perpetual anarchy; the latter involving three fatal ideas; the right of peaceable secession, the right of judging in their own cause, and the right of committing treason with impunity. Instead of grappling with this inexorable enemy Spain tampered and compromised. This naturally produced an aristocratic inability to appreciate concessions. At length came the overwhelming force which suppressed the tyranny of the aristocracy by substituting one tyrant for many. Then the spirit of caste stimulated the evil tendencies of the monarch and demoralized the people. The result in Spain, says the orator, "was the growth of an oppressive caste, who, by their spirit of disunion, made despotism possible, and by their spirit of turbulence made it necessary."

Mr. WHITE then cites, in illustration of his position, Italy, Poland, France, and, finally, England; and advances with vast and irresistible proof to his conclusion that the oppressive caste must first be forcibly subdued at all hazards, and then must be barred from resuming its power by guaranteeing full civil rights and political rights in germ to the subject class. "The work of saving a nation from an oligarchy then is twofold. It is not finished until both parts are completed. Nations forget this at their peril. Nearly every great modern revolution wherein has been gain to liberty has had to be fought over a second time. So it was with the English Revolution in 1642. So it was with the French Revolutions of 1789 and 1830. What has been gained by bravery has been lost by treachery. Nations have forgotten that vigorous fighting to gain liberty must be followed by sound planning to secure it."

This address is by far the most valuable application of the lessons of history to our situation that we have had, and they are presented with acute insight and trenchant force. The substance of an admirable politico-historical work is compressed into a few pages; and it would be fortunate for the country if every scholar brought his contribution to the altar in kind as Senator WHITE has done. It is a pamphlet of but thirty-six pages, published by THOMAS H. PEASE, New Haven.

THE SIBYLLINE OFFER.

WE have stated elsewhere the precise terms upon which the loyal American people—and we use the word loyal not offensively, but for distinction—are willing to allow the return of the late insurgent States. These are the terms which they are *now* willing to offer. Their offer will doubtless be universally and emphatically ratified at the rest of the autumn elections. It will then be for the unrepresented States to determine whether they will accept these terms. The intelligent men in those States know perfectly well, whatever the Democratic Copperhead papers and orators among us may say, that there is no vindictive feeling whatever upon the part of the Union party, no desire of personal revenge, no disposition to disregard the peculiar structure of our political system. But they also know quite as well that it is the very general conviction of that party that there will necessarily be serious agitation until the country can see that equality of rights among the people is in the way of being every where established.

The Boston *Advertiser*, in recently speaking of this subject, truly remarked that the progressive settlement of such questions was like the offer of the Sibylline books. To-day you may have all for a price. To-morrow you can have less for the same price. The day after still less. Six years ago all that was asked was, that slavery should not go into the Territories. The offer was rejected, and the Slave States made war. In the first months of the war some of our Generals returned fugitive slaves, and offered to suppress insurrections. In a few months afterward there was a general demand for colored troops and emancipation. In the second year slavery was generally abolished by proclamation. At the end of the war the defeated States were required by President JOHNSON to adopt the Emancipation Amendment. They are now asked to guarantee civil rights. It is for those States to consider. What have they gained by refusing to allow that slavery should not go into the Territories, or by making war? What would they have gained by rejecting the Emancipation Amendment? What will they gain by rejecting the amendment now offered?

Had the popular leaders in those States been wise they would have been early convinced that the people who had suppressed the rebellion would not suffer those who had opposed them in the field or at the polls to settle the terms upon which the Union should be restored. That indeed was doubtless at first the conviction of the Southern leaders, which the President's course, however, relaxed. But they should have known the loyal American people well enough to understand that they would not hesitate to repudiate a President even of their own election if he assumed to settle the great questions of the war without heeding them in the persons of their representatives. At least they should learn by the elections of the autumn, of which we have already seen the beginning, that the terms offered by Congress can not be set aside by the President nor by any lawful power. Do the States in question imagine that the terms will be made easier? Do they suppose that the people are likely after the canvass of this year to reduce their demands? Let them remember the Sibylline books. It was not the price that was diminished.

THE AMERICAN SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

THE American Association for the promotion of Social Science is a society of eminent scholars and persons of every pursuit, whose object is inquiry into the wisest practicable methods of effecting the most desirable reforms in every department of social interest. At the last annual meeting papers of great value were read by HENRY C. CAREY, of Philadelphia, upon National Resources; Dr. ISAAC RAY, of the Butler Insane Asylum, Providence, Rhode Island, upon the Isolation of the Insane; President HILL, of Harvard University, upon the Problems of Education; Dr. PALMER, of the University of Michigan, upon Sanitary Science; Mr. SANBORN, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Charities, upon the Reformatories of that State, and the Present Condition of Legislation in regard to them; and other papers upon a wholesome variety of subjects by other gentlemen. It is a thoroughly earnest and intelligent association to which the practical legislation of the country will be greatly indebted. The next annual meeting will take place at New Haven, on Tuesday, the 9th of October, at 10 A. M.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD BONDS.

WE draw attention to the advertisement of the Central Pacific Railroad Bonds, given on page 638. The Road is progressing with a rapidity unparalleled in the history of railway enterprise, and the bonds for sale by Messrs. FISK & HATCH are secured by a mortgage which is declared by Congress to constitute a lien prior and superior to that of the United States Government. The earnings of the Road for the three months of May, June, and July amounted to $217,545 61.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

AN Italian artist, residing in New York, named Pietro Funari, had engaged another Italian, named Allessandro Urania, to execute a bust of Ristori; some dispute arose between them on the 22d of September, growing out of delay in the execution of the work. Urania shot his employer, killing him almost instantly, and being pursued, shot himself through the head, causing death on the spot. Madame Ristori sent a considerable gift to the family of the murdered man, and announced her purpose of giving a representation for their benefit.

A. G. Cattell has been elected United States Senator by the New Jersey Legislature.

A curious case of sudden death occurred on September 15 at Chicago. A tailor, from Germany, named Lubenheimer, residing on the north side, was accused of having stolen some money, which he positively denied, calling upon God to strike him dead if he was not speaking the truth. The fearful imprecation had hardly been uttered before he fell to the floor a dead man. Upon medical examination it was found that the man had the heart disease, and that death was brought on by the excitement of the moment.

The Bangor *Whig* of September 17 gives nearly full returns of the recent Maine election, carefully prepared from official lists so far as published, and other towns from reliable sources. The list comprises 404 towns and plantations, and shows a total vote of 67,366 votes for General Chamberlain, and 40,147 for Mr. Pillsbury; being a majority of 27,219. In 1864 Governor Cony had in the same towns 60,806; Mr. Howard, 44,170; majority, 16,636. Net Republican gain, 10,583. The remaining places threw 3845 votes last year, and if the ratio of gain is the same as in the rest of the State the majority for General Chamberlain will be nearly 28,000.

It is estimated that 20,000,000 bushels of corn have been destroyed by the freshet in the Miami bottoms. The reports from the Northwest represent the flood as general, and causing an immense destruction of property.

General D. N. Couch has been appointed to the vacant Collectorship of Boston, as successor of Mr. Hamlin, and George H. Kingsbury, Postmaster, in place of Mr. Palfrey.

Madame Ristori made her first appearance in this city on the evening of September 20. Her acting in the character of Medea fulfilled the high expectations which had been excited. On the 24th she appeared in the *rôle* of Maria Stuarda (Mary Queen of Scots), her presentation of which fully justified the anticipations which had been raised by her Medea.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

September 17:

(PARIS.)—The French circular says that the recent changes in Europe are favorable to France. Prussia and Italy are drawn nearer in ideas and interest. Austria now has no hostile intent. The Convention of Rome will be loyally carried out. Navies of second-class Powers assure the liberty of the Baltic and the Mediterranean. The note justifies the offer of the Emperor's mediation between Prussia and Austria and Italy, and hints at the annexation of people of the same language and interests to any of the Powers of Europe. It shows the necessity of perfect defense and military organization, not, however, as a threat, and expresses a belief in lasting peace in Europe.

It is said that the Emperor Napoleon has refused to allow officers of the French army to hold office in Mexico, owing to the protest of the United States Government.

(ST. PETERSBURG.)—The man who attempted to assassinate the Czar, several months ago, has been executed.

September 18:

(BERLIN.)—The Prussian fleet in the harbor of Kiel has been put out of commission, and there are evidences on all sides of a general disarming.

September 19:

(TRIESTE.)—A great battle has been fought in the Island of Candia between the Turks and the insurrectionists. The Turks were the victors.

September 20:

(PARIS.)—The Finance Committee sent here from Mexico to negotiate for a loan are disheartened, and have announced that the Empire of Mexico is without funds.

September 21:

(BERLIN.)—The Prussian army, returning from the wars, made a grand triumphal entry of the National Capital to-day amidst the greatest rejoicings and enthusiasm.

(DRESDEN.)—Peace has been concluded between Prussia and Saxony.

September 22:

(PARIS.)—It is said that the Empress Eugenie will shortly repair to Rome to condole with the Pope.

(VIENNA.)—Duke Albrecht has been made Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian army.

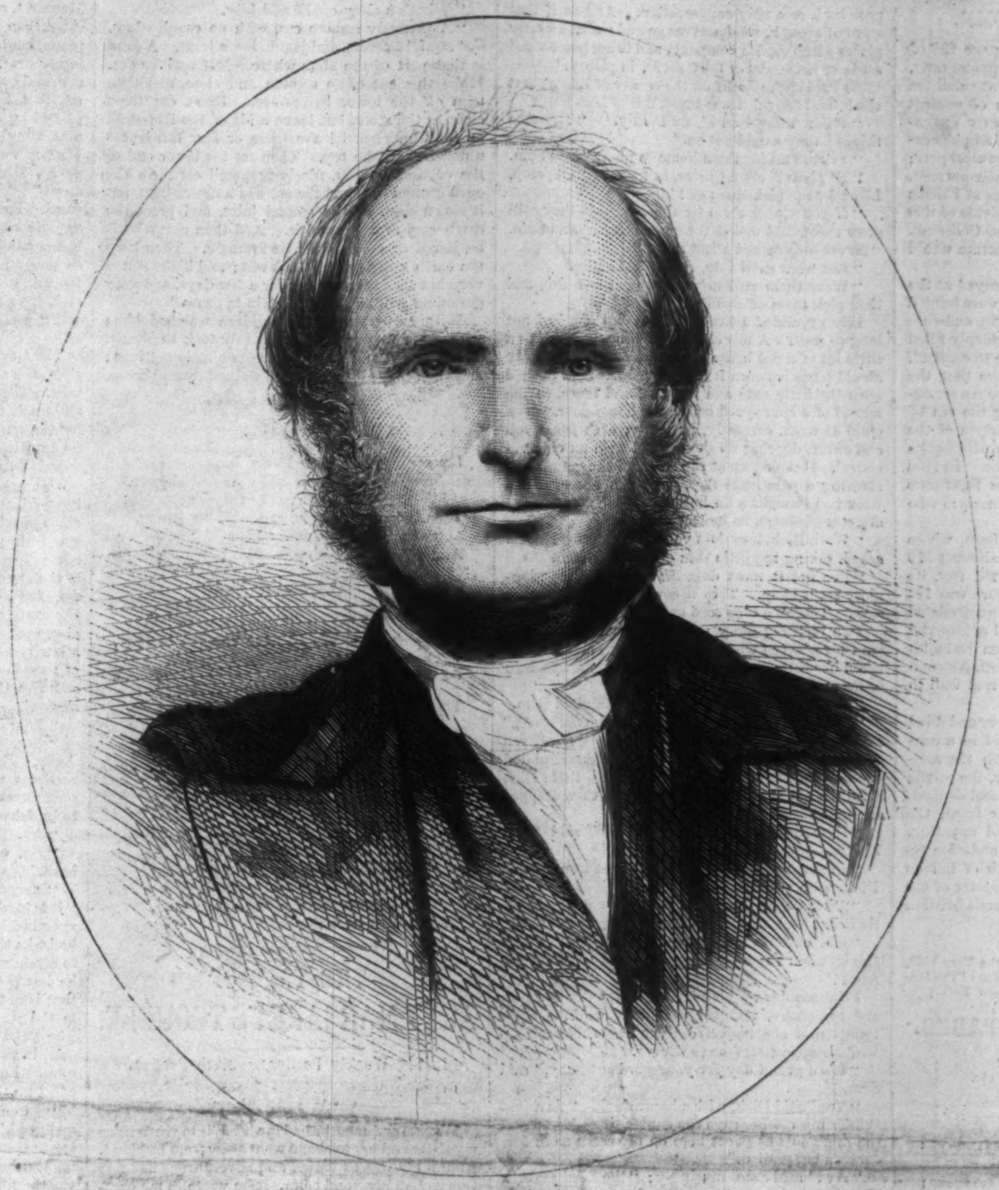
Advices from Brazil to August 25 are received. Fighting of a most stubborn and sanguinary nature took place on the 16th and 18th of July, causing a loss of 4200 killed and wounded in the Allied armies, and an approximate number in the Paraguayan army.

THE COLISEUM AT ROME.—From a Recent Photograph.—[See Page 630.]

REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR.

The annual Conference of the Wesleyan Methodists, held at Leeds, in England, according to their custom, in the last week of July, elected the Rev. William Arthur, A.M., to be the President of the Conference next year. He is a popular and useful minister, who was educated at one of the Wesleyan theological colleges, and employed some time as a missionary in the East Indies, but has lately taken his turn at several of the most important home stations, where the earnest and impressive eloquence of his preaching has been highly appreciated by multitudes of listening people. He is also favorably known as an author beyond the limits of his religious connection, having produced, in addition to the "Tracts on Revivals," and "The Tongue of Fire," which relate more particularly to the work of Evangelical ministration, an interesting biography entitled "The Successful Merchant," and a well-timed book on the political revolution of 1859 in Italy, presenting concisely and emphatically the results of his observations and inquiries during a tour through Piedmont, Tuscany, and the Roman States, a few months after the peace of Villafranca. The cause of Italian freedom had in Mr. Arthur one of its earliest and ablest literary defenders, and his remarks on the Pope's temporal power in Rome were dictated by no spirit of narrow sectarian hostility, but by the broadest and most liberal considerations of justice and human right. He visited this country a few years since, and not a few of us have a vivid recollection of his eloquence and geniality. He was a firm friend of the United States during the late rebellion. His two important works, that on Italy and "The Tongue of Fire," were republished by Harper & Brothers.

The present state of the Wesleyan Connection in Great Britain was reported at the late Conference to be satisfactory. There are 331,193 church-members and 20,819 persons on trial for membership. Several new circuits have been formed in the London district, and a Wesleyan chaplain has been appointed for the Guards in Wellington Barracks. There were sixty seven candidates for ordination to the ministry examined at the late Conference. In educational efforts a remarkable advance has been made, twenty-seven new day-schools having been established last year, with an addition of 4669 scholars. The total number of day-schools connected with the Connection is 606, and scholars 93,194. There has been an increase of seventy-one Sunday-schools during the past year, and of 5756 scholars. A very large outlay has been made in chapel building. The committee intrusted with this department has authorized an estimated expenditure since the last Conference of one million of dollars, the total outlay of the year having been about one and one-third millions, and during the last eleven years $2,000,000 of chapel debts have been paid off. At the meeting of the Theological Institution Committee, it was stated that the estimated annual outlay in future, including that on behalf of the proposed new institution near Leeds, is about $42,500, but the income now only reaches $30,500. The feeling of some leading men seemed to be that it was much better to have several smaller institutions in different parts of the country than only two or three large ones. A resolution has been passed by Conference expressing the hope that the denomination will shortly be in a position to erect another college at Birmingham in addition to the one shortly to be built at Headingley. It is also decided that the expenditure shall not exceed $60,000.



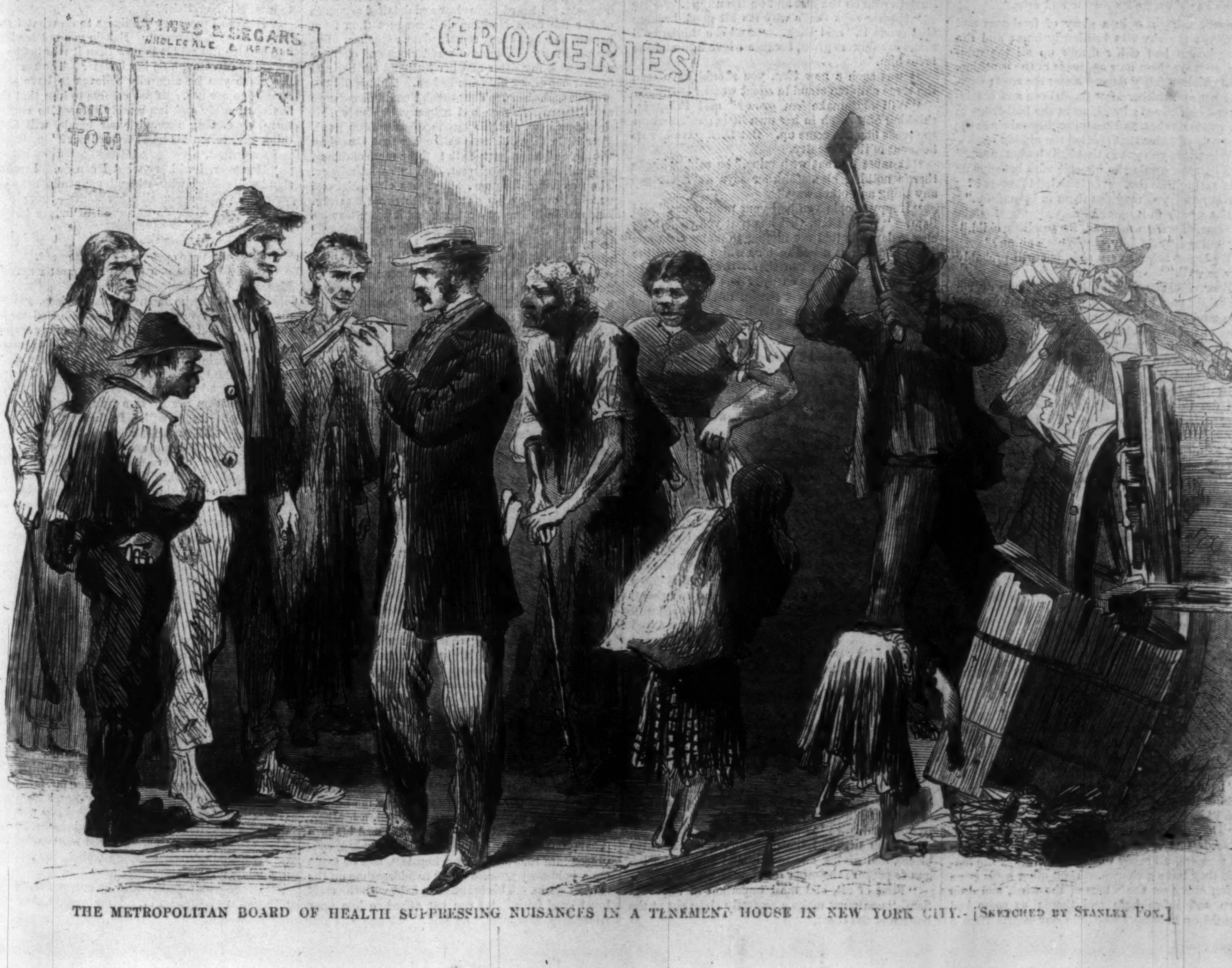
THE REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR, PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CONFERENCE, ENGLAND.

SUPPRESSION OF NUISANCES.

We give on this page a sketch illustrating an instance—fortunately a common one—of the suppression of nuisances in our large tenement houses by the Metropolitan Board of Health.

Much has been said and published tending to throw discredit upon the Board of Health and ignoring the important work which it has accomplished. But there can be no question but that we should have had in this city a repetition of the disastrous cholera seasons from which we have on former occasions suffered so severely, but for the energetic and unceasing labors of the Board of Health. To them it is due that the cholera has been stamped out of this city, and that while from some of the cities in the West we hear of hundreds of cases daily, we are ourselves almost entirely free from this terrible scourge.

New York City is cleaner than it has been for years; and if the Board of Health had not been subject to interruptions from our courts the result would have been still more satisfactory.



THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF HEALTH SUPPRESSING NUISANCES IN A TENEMENT HOUSE IN NEW YORK CITY.—[Sketched by Stanley Fox.]

THE COLISEUM AT ROME.

THE illustration which we give on page 628 of the Coliseum at Rome is from a recent photograph, and gives an accurate view of the present condition of the most stupendous amphitheatre of ancient times. It was commenced by the Emperor VESPASIAN and finished by TITUS. Hitherto amphitheatres had been constructed of wood, for the most part; but these structures were too frail for their purpose. The fall of one of these wooden buildings at Fidenæ killed or injured 50,000 persons. Accidents of this sort led to the construction of the famous Coliseum. It is said that the expense of this structure would have erected a metropolis.

Nine thousand wild beasts were destroyed at the dedication of the amphitheatre. These were hunted to death in the presence of the blood-thirsty audience of Romans, and then the arena was suddenly filled with water, and sea animals were made to contend, and a sea-fight exhibited. It was here that the most celebrated of the gladiatorial contests were exhibited; and here it was that, during the era of the persecution of Christians, the martyrs of the new faith were made to contend with wild beasts for the amusement of a heathen audience. In 1750 the building was consecrated by Pope BENEDICT XIV. to the memory of the Christian martyrs who had perished in the arena.

The Coliseum was of an elliptical form, whose longest diameter was 615 feet, and the shortest 510 feet. The length of the arena was 281 feet, its breadth 176. The height of the structure was 164 feet. It inclosed over 5 acres, and accommodated 100,000 spectators. After the downfall of imperial Rome depredations began to be made upon the building. Besides former removals, MICHAEL ANGELO took away nearly one-half of the external wall to build the Palazzo-Farnese.

When this amphitheatre was in its glory and filled with Romans, with the Emperor seated in a conspicuous and highly adorned seat, with the aristocracy of the great city in the first tier, the people above, and in the galleries the servants and dependants, with the women seated in their front, the sight must have been magnificent and imposing. But the motive which led this vast audience together to gloat over the violent death of human beings gives us an insight into the character of the Romans, and the degradation of the ante-Christian era.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

BY MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

THE motto of that afternoon might have been:

"Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed—
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache."

For every thing was in a glory of freshness and sweetness: the sky was brilliantly blue; and the thirsty leaves had either drunk up all the rain-drops, or wore them now as jewels in the sunshine.

The children fairly danced along the road; darting hither and thither after dandelions and buttercups and chickweed; laughing at the bull-frogs in the wayside ditches, and studying themselves in the little pools of water that spotted the muddy road.

"What *have* you got in that little basket, Sam?" said Primrose, coming to his side with both hands full of spring beauties. "Is it to hold flowers?"

"Not now; you may put them in by-and-by."

"But what's in it now?"

"Some jelly from mamma, for an ailing child."

"'Ailing!'" said Lily. "What's ailing?"

"He is not always very sick, but will probably never be well."

"Poor child!" said Lily, taking a jump over a little bright pool in her way. "It's nice of mamma to send him jelly. Sam, we're going to plant all the rest of our seeds to-morrow."

"Another time," said Sam, "try and plant just before rather than just after a rain. The ground is harder to work."

"Harder, because it's softer," said Lily.

"I did think of sowing mine yesterday," said Clover; "but it was so cold—and I didn't want to run any risks. Sam, when these are planted—sowed, I mean—and all the rest of my little seedlings are set out, my garden will be *quite* full. I've just left a place for each kind, all marked out and ready."

"And that's all the spare room you have?"

"Every bit. Except—there's one other little place," said Clover, hesitating.

"What is that for?"

"For—the geranium, you know," said Clover.

"Oh, to be sure, the geranium! I've not forgotten my promise; but the weather has been too cold for such tender things."

"I think our gardens will be splendid," said Primrose, "if Maria Jarvis *does* call 'em queer little places."

"Yes, mine is making quite a show already," said Lily; "it's getting all green. I saw it this morning from the window."

Sam uttered one of his provoking "Ah's!" and inquired whether it was green with flowers or weeds."

"Why, it can't be weeds, of course," said Lily; "I've just planted my flowers there, and there weren't any weeds even in sight."

"I pulled up two out of my garden," said Clover, shaking her head. "Sam, where do weeds come from?"

"They come from seeds; and the earth is full of the seeds, just as our hearts are full of seed thoughts and tempers, all ready to spring and grow the moment they have a chance. Then other seeds come sailing along on the wings of the wind, and drop down and lodge here and there; as some bad thought or impulse drops into our hearts from a poor book or a silly conversation. And as if that was not enough, we ourselves go and walk in weedy places—into foolish company, and bring home weed seeds or sin seeds, or folly seeds, in plenty."

As Sam spoke he lifted the corner of Lily's short cloak, and behold it was stuck full of burs!

"Well, what now?" said Lily. "Tiresome things! they would get on."

"You are taking them home to plant," said Sam.

"To plant!" cried Clover, in terror. "Oh, stop, Lily; let me pick them off!"

"If you throw them by the road-side they will grow there, and molest future travelers," said Sam. "Never help spread a bad thing."

"But what shall I do, then?" said Lily.

"Wear them patiently till we get to a fire, and then pick them off and burn them."

Lily grumbled a little at that; but she had not long to wait. A few steps more brought them to a little bit of a red house by the way-side, with only an old fence between it and the road. Sam pushed open the little gate and went in, and there, in the morsel of a court-yard before the house-door, was a child at work, earnestly, patiently, with great toil and effort, digging up the ground with an old fire-shovel. He stood up at the sound of the gate-latch, showing a pale little face, to which not even his work had brought a flush; but it came now, a flush of great gladness, as he looked at Sam.

"Well, Dick, how does your garden grow?" Sam asked, taking the little thin hand in his own.

"I've got it most dug, Sir; and my morning-glory seeds is up. They'll cover the fence, mother says. There's a blue seed and a white seed."

Two morning-glory seeds! It was a thing to see Clover's face when she heard that, and remembered her little paper bags full of precious hyacinth beans and canary-bird vine.

"Is that all you have to plant?" inquired Sam.

"Jane Lefferts gave me some marygoold seeds," said the child. "There was six o' *them:* all red and brown and yellow *they'll* be." And stimulated by the thought of the marigold flowers, little Dick plied his old shovel with great zeal; then stopped for breath.

"How do you do to-day, Dick?" said Sam, kindly.

"Better, sometimes, and sometimes worse," said Dick, with a smile.

"Dick, do you love flowers *very* much?" said little Primrose, sidling up to him with her wistful look.

"Oh, better'n any thing!" said Dick. "Just think, when the morning-glories runs all over the fence!"

Primrose drew a long breath of wonder and pity and sympathy, mingled with two or three other things that she herself did not know, looking up with an appealing face to Clover.

"It's a grand day for your garden to-day," said Sam.

"Yes," said Dick, with a happy look. "And just think: my mother says the sun's just as bright and the rain's just as sweet here on my seeds as in Mr. Jarvis's big garden."

"Ay!" said Sam, musingly; "the Lord maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

"Mother says that's why it's all good, because God sends it," said Dick. "And she thinks he'll make my flowers grow, because I love him and she loves him."

It was such a new idea, you should have seen the three children stand in silent wonder!

"Will *that* make 'em grow?" said Primrose, thinking of a patch in her own little garden where the seeds had not come up. But Dick gave her no help out of the difficulty.

"It must be that with mine," he said, "'cause there's nothing else. Mother says *we* never get any thing any other way."

"Happy people you and your mother are," said Sam. "Well, Dick, God has sent you something else to-day—he told my mother to make you some jelly, and to put a loaf of nice white bread in the basket too. So you can thank Him and nobody else. And whatever you want just tell Him, and He'll know just the best person to send with it." And Sam set down the little basket on the door-step and strode off into the road again, followed by his wondering little sisters.

"Why, Sam," said Primrose, "how did God tell mamma?"

"In her heart," said Sam, promptly.

"Oh dear!" said Lily; "if he should tell me that Dick wants some of my flower-seeds, what should I do?"

Clover walked silently on, the pink flush on her cheeks deepening and deepening.

"You say such queer things, Sam," said Lily. "What made you say I was carrying those burs home to plant? I wasn't at all."

"Nobody can carry weed seeds or habit seeds about with him and not sow them, even when he least intends it," said Sam. "But now, chicks, see here—I'm going to give you a lesson in the art of making geranium cuttings. Come and sit down on these stones, and we'll rest and learn together."

"Where are the geraniums to come from?" said Lily, as the young ones grouped themselves round him.

"Out of my pocket," said Sam, taking out a parcel, from which he unfolded a long stem of geranium.

"Why, that's a cutting itself," said Lily. "*That* won't grow."

"Will you give your share of it to Dick?" said her brother, opening his knife.

"No, I won't," said Lily; "so you needn't ask me."

"I'll prepare Prim's cutting for her," said Sam, "because her hands are hardly strong enough to manage the knife; and you two older ones can look on and learn to do it for yourselves."

So Sam first cut the geranium shoot in three pieces, and giving one to Lily and Clover, he began to prepare the other for planting.

"First of all, and most important of all," said Sam, "you must make a perfectly clean cut at the bottom of the shoot."

"What's a clean cut?" said Lily.

"A perfectly smooth cut, with no rough edges. Cut straight across, and just below a joint. A joint is that part of the stem where a leaf springs out. Make this cut quite smooth and close, and then trim off the lower leaves—so. Don't cut them close to the stem, but leave a bit of the foot-stalk an inch long; and leave three or four full leaves untouched at the top. Then set the lower end of the cuttings in soft, nicely-prepared earth, in the open ground or round the sides of a flower-pot; put it down deep as the second joint, and press the earth *very* firmly round it. And then never let it be jarred or moved from its firmness. Then keep the earth a little damp—not wet; and if the sun is very hot shade the cutting for a few days, and your geranium will be almost certain to grow."

With earnest eyes the children watched him; with eager fingers Clover and Lily took the knife, and trimmed and prepared the two little cuttings; and then they all rose up and walked toward home.

SYMBOLS.

I WATCHED a rose-bud very long
Brought on by dew and sun and shower,
Waiting to see the perfect flower:
Then, when I thought it should be strong,
It opened at the matin hour
And fell at even-song.

I watched a nest from day to day,
A green nest full of pleasant shade,
Wherein three speckled eggs were laid:
But when they should have hatched in May,
The two old birds had grown afraid
Or tired, and flew away.

Then in my wrath I broke the bough
That I had tended so with care,
Hoping its scent should fill the air;
I crushed the eggs, not heeding how
Their ancient promise had been fair:
I would have vengeance now.

But the dead branch spoke from the sod,
And the eggs answered me again:
Because we failed dost thou complain?
Is thy wrath just? And what if God,
Who waiteth for thy fruits in vain,
Should also take the rod?

THE TALE OF AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE.

In Six Weekly Portions.—Sixth Portion.

CHAPTER XIII.

WEEKS and months had gathered into years since my sister and her husband went away from England. Anna's life was as varied and adventurous as mine was monotonous and calm. She wrote to me occasionally, but her letters were brief and far from frequent. I heard more clear and detailed accounts of her life from Madame de Beauguet than from herself, as long as they remained near Quebec. But soon commenced a series of wanderings and changes which took my sister and her husband further and further out of our old friend's ken. Things did not prosper with them. That much I could discover to my sorrow. Horace had a heavy burden on his shoulders now, and his health was far from good. Poor little Lily did not outlive her first Canadian winter, and Anna gave birth to three more children, who all, save the youngest, died in early infancy. The surviving little one, a boy, was cherished and watched over by his parents with great anxiety. Madame de Beauguet wrote me that it was piteous to see Anna's trembling apprehension lest he too should be taken from them. Old Mr. Lee had sunk into partial imbecility, and needed tending like a child. All these helpless beings had but Horace to lean on for support. My heart bled for them. Sometimes it seemed intolerable to me that I should be surrounded by all the comforts of my home at the Gable House, while they were facing poverty in a foreign land. But I was not allowed the solace of affording them any help. My uncle from time to time gave me sums of money "to do as I liked with:" and as those sums were invariably forthcoming whenever there was news of difficulty and struggle from Canada, I did not hesitate to send them to my sister. But poverty and misfortune, far from subduing, seemed but to heighten her haughty spirit. She sent back my offerings with a cold assurance that they were not needed. I could only forward the money to Madame de Beauguet, and beg her, if she saw them in any sore strait, to offer them assistance as though coming from herself.

Time had been very good to me. I believe I was, in some respects, older than my years. Never very sprightly or vivacious, the great sorrow of my life had sobered what youthful gayety I once possessed. But though outwardly, perhaps, too staid and quiet for my age, I was not without an inner peace and cheerfulness which seldom deserted me. I suppose the secret of it was the knowledge that I was dear and useful to my uncle, and, perhaps, to others. Ah, Lucy, you can never be quite unhappy so long as there is left to you one human being to whom your affection is precious! Prize well this inestimable privilege of loving. Love, love, my child, abundantly, ungrudgingly; it shall be given to you again ten thousand-fold.

Mr. Norcliffe was a frequent and welcome guest at the Gable House. My uncle found great pleasure and comfort in his society; and to me he was what he had promised to be—a friend, a brother. Once, since his first offer, he had renewed his proposal; but my earnestness on that occasion convinced him that his suit was hopeless, and he made me a voluntary promise never to address me on the subject again. This promise he kept with the most loyal good faith. "I can not afford to lose your friendship, Margaret," he said. "I may call you Margaret, may I not? I am so many, many years older than you, my child. I could not bear that there should be any constraint or pain to you in our intercourse, and yet to lose your kind companionship and good-will would be very hard to me. Trust me that henceforward you shall never more be pained by a word or look of mine. I will put all that away—bury it in the Red Sea, if you like. That is the place for laying unquiet spirits, is it not? Mine, at all events, shall disturb you no more." As I have said, he was most loyal to his word. By this time he had come to be intimately acquainted with our family history, and my uncle had acquired the habit of appealing to his judgment on many points. Although his home was still at Beachington he was much with us. As my uncle said, the Gable House was large enough for three, and it was a charity to come and cheer us as often as he could.

The story of one day's life was, as nearly as possible, the story of all the others in its outward details. The circling seasons melted into one another, and made us change, from time to time, the fireside for the garden. But there was no stirring event, no exciting incident, to startle us from the calm round of daily life.

One bright June day we were sitting out in the hayfield, my uncle, Mr. Norcliffe, and I. A wide elm spread its fresh canopy above our heads, there was a sleepy sweetness in the air, and silence had come down on us softly, with the peaceful shadow of the elm-tree. My uncle, leaning back in his garden-chair, had fallen asleep. Mr. Norcliffe lay on the grass, gazing up into the depths of the foliage above us. All at once he looked at me and said, in a low voice: "What did you tell me was the date of your last letter from Canada?"

"The third of April. It is time I should hear again."

"Your letter was from Madame de Beauguet?"

"Yes. It is long since I have had one from Anna. But they are moving about, and at the last accounts were in a wild, half-settled district. It seems very strange to me that Horace should have to be driven so from place to place."

"Ay. A rolling stone, you know—"

"But why should it be? It seems to me very hard."

"Margaret," returned Mr. Norcliffe, after a pause, "it is hard; but it does not surprise me. With all your brother-in-law's talent and good-will to work he lacks the mental and physical energy necessary to attain success in such a country as that to which he has gone. He will fight, but hopelessly; and that is not the way to win. When I saw him last, in the streets of Willborough, he looked broken. The heart had gone out of him. I saw it in his gait, in the carriage of his head, in the look of his eyes. Forgive me if I pain you, but you trust me, and I must speak the truth to you."

"I know you will say nothing but what is true and good," I answered; "but I can not help weeping to think of—of—Anna and the child. It seems too terrible that I can not help them. Oh, if uncle would but hold out a forgiving hand! From him Anna would take assistance. Could you not speak to him, Mr. Norcliffe?"

"Heaven knows my readiness to do what I can for your sister, Margaret. But do you not see how much more difficult it is now than it was before to appeal to Mr. Gough on her behalf? The sums he has given you he naturally believes to have been applied to her use. If we confess to him that she has obstinately and implacably refused to receive them, as coming through your hands, will that, think you, soften his heart toward her?"

I was silent.

"However, I will try what I can do. I understand well enough why—though your influence with your uncle is strong on all other points—your pleadings for your sister do not avail to induce him to forgive her."

"Do you? Why?"

He looked at me curiously for a moment.

"Because it was you whom she most wronged, Margaret."

My uncle awoke from his short sleep, and no more was said between Mr. Norcliffe and me at that time. But this was the first of many similar conversations between us. He used his influence with my uncle on Anna's behalf, though without inducing him to take any active step toward reconciliation. At length, however, he prevailed so far as to gain from my uncle a half promise that he would reconsider his will. In the first force of his stern anger against Anna and her husband he had entirely altered the original distribution of his property, and had left every thing absolutely to me, as he had told Mr. Lee. Now he promised Mr. Norcliffe that he would think of making some provision for Anna's child. To her or to her husband he steadily refused to bequeath a farthing.

Thus the summer and autumn of that year passed away, and I received no letter from Anna. Our old schoolmistress still wrote with the affectionate fidelity that belonged to her. But she could give only meagre tidings of Anna. Two sad facts were plain to her, she said—that they were struggling with poverty, and that Horace's health was fading beneath the sharp breath of that inclement land. Meanwhile my uncle spoke to Mr. Norcliffe, from time to time, of altering his will. He would do it. He would think it out clearly. He would set his house in order before he should be summoned away. He grew quieter and more silent as the year went on, but you could not say more sad. His manner—always kindly—became softer than I had ever known it. Also he would sit for hours neither reading nor speaking, but gazing out before him with a look that seemed to contemplate something far, far away. On Christmas-day we had been to church together. It was bitter cold, and he was chilled and numbed when we came home. I mixed him some hot spiced wine after dinner, as my aunt had used to do, and we sat listening to the evening bells in the old fire-lighted room.

"Peace—and—good-will," he murmured, softly. "Peace—and—good-will. How plainly the bells say it, Madge!"

As if the words had been put into my mouth, and were not my own, I rose and embraced him:

"Oh, dearest uncle, forgive her, forgive her!"

He put me gently away from him after a while, and made me no answer. But when we parted for the night he kissed and blessed me solemnly, and the last words he spoke to me were:

"Blessed are the peace-makers. I will try, Madge; I will try."

The sickly flare of a candle in the faint gray wintry daybreak was the first thing that met my eyes when I awoke next morning. The face of the woman who held it in her trembling hand startled me into complete wakefulness at once.

"Hester, what is the matter?"

"Miss Margaret! Master!"

"Is my uncle ill?"

"Oh, Miss Margaret! I'm afraid—"

I can not remember how I reached his room. I have a confused idea of her huddling a great cloak over my shoulders, and of the chilly feeling of the oaken boards to my bare feet. I had hardly made a step across the threshold of my uncle's chamber when a strong gentle grasp was laid on my arm, and I heard Dr. Dixon's voice, saying:

"One moment, my dear Miss Sedley. Stay one instant to collect your strength!"

"Dr. Dixon, let me go to him. He is ill; he wants me. You must not keep me from him!"

"My dear Miss Sedley, believe me, I would not do so if your presence could be of use and comfort to him. But—be composed, I beseech of you—he—"

I broke from him and advanced to the bed. Oh, my beloved guardian and benefactor! No passionate tone of the voice he had listened to so often, no loving touch of the hand he had held in his generous protecting clasp, could stir him now. Dead, dead!

I was not unsupported in this heavy hour. Our old doctor was kind and friendly, and Mr. Norcliffe responded with instant promptitude to the hasty summons I sent him. They agreed that some affection of the heart had been the immediate cause of my uncle's death, and that it must have been peaceful and painless. He had passed away in sleep, they believed, for he was lying quite placidly on his undisturbed pillow when they found him in the morning, lifeless and cold. There had been no change made in his will. With the exception of some legacies to the servants I was left absolute mistress of the property.

"I know," said I to Mr. Norcliffe, "that he meant to make some provision for Anna and her boy. I am thankful to remember now that his last words to me were words of softening toward Anna."

"I believe as you do, Margaret," said Mr. Norcliffe, "that he so intended. But the alteration has not been made. Whatever portion of your uncle's money goes to Mrs. Lee now she must receive from your hand."

"I will hold it in trust for her," I answered. And we said no more.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Some one wants you, please, Miss Margaret."

Hester's thin straight form stood in the doorway, and Hester's thin high voice spoke to me. I was sitting, very dreary and forlorn, in the old morning-room. The fire had died down to a dull red; the sky was leaden and lowering; winter was without the house and grief within. Only yesterday they had carried away its master never to return. The last journey across the home threshold had been made; that journey which we must all make some day, and which leaves those who remain behind so desolate. Mr. Norcliffe was staying with Dr. Dixon, and they had both gone home, and left me for the evening. I was sitting solitary and sad, as I have said, by the low fire, with a sensation of utter loneliness and a yearning void in my heart when I was roused by Hester's, "Some one wants you, please, Miss Margaret."

"Wants me, Hester? "Who is it?"

"They asked for master first, please, miss," said Hester, putting her apron to her eyes, "and I said as there was—as there was—was no one here but you."

A tremor in her usually measured tones roused my attention, deadened and dead though all my senses seemed to be, with much crying.

"Who is it, Hester?"

"Oh, Miss Margaret, would you step into the dining-room, please? I couldn't bring myself to tell her. Will you, please, step into the dining-room?"

I got up and followed her with a confused dizzy feeling, and a strange doubt of my own identity, if I may so express the sensation which I have experienced once or twice on occasions of strong emotion. The dining-parlor was without even the dull fire which burned in the morning-room. Its air struck cold and damp. Some leafless boughs in the garden, bedropped with sleet, tapped like elfin fingers on the window-pane. A woman, dressed in the deepest mourning, was sitting in the arm-chair—my uncle's chair—at the end of the room. She rose up on my entrance. "I want to see my uncle," she said.

"Anna!"

She put out one hand to hold me off as I rushed toward her, and then I saw that she held a little sleeping child, wrapped in her shawl. "I want to see my uncle. Do you mean to keep me from him?"

"Oh, Anna, Anna, for your own sake do not speak so harshly. My poor girl, my poor love—too late, too late!"

She staggered, and Hester, who had come with me into the room, made a step forward, as if to relieve her of the child. But she clasped him tighter, and leaned on the chair behind her for support.

"Too late! What do you mean?" I could barely hear the words, her voice was so low and faint.

"Anna, he is dead. He was buried yesterday!"

She sank down into the great chair, and the little child rolled from her arm, as its grasp relaxed, on to her knee; but Hester took him and laid him, still half asleep, upon the sofa, while I busied myself with my sister. She had swooned. I called the other women-servants, and by degrees we revived her, and half carried, half supported, her to my own chamber, where we undressed her and laid her on the bed. She resigned herself to our hands, but uttered no word, and her wan face was motionless and rigid. After a time I sent the others away and sat by her side, silently watching. A dim light from the shaded lamp fell on her face, and as I looked at it it seemed as if the years had been rolled back like a curtain, and I lived over again that moonlight night, when in that very room I had told Anna of my love. Poor, changed, pale face! Drawn, and haggard, and aged, how altered from the lovely girlish countenance which had lain on the pillow blooming out of its nest of soft dark curls!

I glanced at the black dress that lay beside the bed, and I read in it all the history of her return.

As I sat gazing on my sister's face the large dark eyes opened and looked at me.

"I have been very ill, Margaret; at death's door. That is why I am so weak. Oh, I have suffered much in mind and body!"

She followed my glance to the black gown which lay by the bed. "Yes," she said, slowly, in a faint hoarse voice, "I have lost him. I have come home desolate, with my fatherless boy. If it were not for the child I would pray that this hour might be my last. You think I speak calmly while you are weeping. How I envy you those tears! Mine are all spent, I think."

She closed her eyes again, and lay silent for a long time. Then her lips moved, and I heard her whisper:

"Margaret, bend down your face to me."

I leaned over her and touched her cheek with mine. I believe the same recollection rushed into her mind that had been in my own, for suddenly she threw her arms around my neck, burying her face upon my breast, and burst into a flood of hysterical tears. I let her weep, holding her in my arms, and speaking no word until the fit had exhausted itself. The tears eased her heart, and at last she lay, weak but tranquil, holding my hand in hers. Far, far into the night I sat beside her bed, and listened to the broken story she told at intervals.

"No! Let me speak," she said, when, in consideration of her bodily weakness, I would have urged her to try to sleep; "I can not rest until I have told you all my misery. You know that we were poor, but you can not imagine how poor we were. Failure met us at every turn. Horace struggled and suffered bravely, but I know now, and I knew then, that he felt it was all in vain. As long as we remained near Madame de Beauguet and her good husband things were not so bad. They helped us in a hundred nameless ways. When my poor little Lily lay sick, Margaret, I could not have procured the necessary help for her if it had not been for our old governess. I know," she added, hastily, "I know what your face says. But I could not [illegible] from you then. My heart was hardened against you, Margaret, [illegible] how much better you were than I, and because I knew that it must be so with him. Every kind act of affection coming from you stung me; for I thought, in my jealous heart, Horace will love her the better for this."

"Oh, my sister!"

"Yes, I did. It is the truth. I was poor, ailing, worn. I rose early, and went to rest late, laboring feverishly to help in the daily struggle, with all my feeble strength. I tended the old man—my husband's father—till his death. I saw my little children, born in sorrow and poverty, fade and languish and die. But my wicked, proud spirit was not softened yet."

A spark of the old fire blazed in her eyes as she spoke.

"I could have endured it all and more, without flinching, if he had only been spared to me. But I would not bend, so I was broken—ground into dust by the only blow that could utterly overcome me. Horace, weak in body and weary in spirit, fell into a fever. We were in a wild, almost barbarous place, helpless—penniless. Then, Margaret, when he was struck down in his youth, and lay on a sick bed, then I was humbled and afraid. I would have gone on my knees before you to get him the least one of the comforts he needed. We were hundreds of miles away from the only friends who cared for us on all that vast continent. I wrote to Madame de Beauguet distractedly, imploring her to send me help. The good creature came to me herself."

"God bless her!"

"Amen! God bless her! Yes; she made that long dreadful journey alone, traveling day and night to reach us. Horace brightened when he saw her; but it was the last flicker of life. He would have our boy, our only surviving child, lifted on to his bed, and he would lie holding the tiny hand in his, and gazing on the wistful face. The little fellow, barely two years old, would sit mute and still, nestling by his father for hours. If we attempted to take him away he struggled and sobbed until none of us had the heart to remove him. Many times we have waited until he dropped asleep to carry him to his own little crib. One night I had fallen into an uneasy slumber from exhaustion, and I lay stretched on the floor at the foot of my husband's bed, when, in the dead silence of the night, I was awakened by hearing your name uttered in a loud, clear voice. I started to my feet, and saw Horace gazing intently in the direction of the door. 'You are come,' he said, with a smile; 'I knew you would come!' Margaret, before the avenging God, I believe that the anguish I endured at that moment might expiate even the great wrong I did you. 'My own love, my Horace!' I cried, frantically, clasping his poor, thin hand, 'don't you know me? Speak to me, my husband, or my heart will break.' His gaze never wavered from the door, but he pressed my hand with a feeble clasp, and whispered, 'Look at Margaret!' and so he died.

"Well! Grief does not kill, for I am here. I lay for six weeks, raving in brain-fever, and insensible to every thing around me. Our good friend nursed me, and took care of my boy, and fed us and clothed us, and, when I could be moved, carried us both to her own home near Quebec. And then she urged me to return, and cast myself at uncle's feet, and supplicate for pardon and reconciliation. She spoke firmly and openly to me. She probed my heart, and fearlessly showed me what a wretch I had been, even when I had most gloried in my strength. She told me that it was a duty I owed to my dead Horace to confide his boy to the loving care of those who could provide for him. Her counsel prevailed over the last remnant of perverse pride in my broken heart, and I came. If I could but have seen my uncle—if he could but have known how I longed for his pardon and his love, even when I was hardest and worst—but that consolation was not for me. It is just."

"Anna, he loved and forgave you at the last. I know that he dearly loved and fully forgave you. Had he not been taken away so suddenly he would have shown you by his will that—"

She laid her hand upon my lips.

"It is better so. I know that my boy and I must owe every thing to your generous hand, and I will take your gift from you as though it came from Heaven. I am not what I was. I have been taught in a hard, hard school. It is better so, Margaret, better so."

I have little to add, Lucy. By slow degrees Anna recovered some measure of strength; but she was never more the bright blooming creature she had been once. While she lived she shared my home, and daily, hourly, made some new return toward the old fondness which had united us as children. The haughty spirit sometimes rose, the wayward temper occasionally broke forth, but never again was there any serious breach between us. Her boy, little Sedley—your father, Lucy—grew and thrived, and was the joy and sunshine of our quiet home. Stock, bedridden and very near the close of his long life, permitted Anna's boy to climb up on a chair to the tall, old-fashioned chimney-piece in his room, and to reach down and fill for him his cherished pipe. Such a concession Stock never made before. Many and many a long church-warden was smashed by falling from the inexpert little fingers; but Stock resented any attempt to interfere with him.

"Let un be," he would growl out to Hester, who had constituted herself chief nurse-maid, and was a little jealous of her authority. "Women-folks knows naught about boys."

"Children should be obedient, Mr. Stock," Hester would retort, sharply.

"Ah! and so should women. Let un be. He'll be all right, I tell ye. He's got more sense in his little curly poll nor some as is more'n twenty times his age. Lord, it's a marvel to see the wisdom o' that child!"

Nor did any number of mishaps, in the filling of a long series of pipes, shake Stock one jot in his conviction that if the "women-folks" would only leave Master Sedley alone, he would infallibly come out [illegible] from any possible trial of his skill and wisdom. The [illegible] when he came frolicking up to me in his gleeful way, his merry laughter and bright arch glance would make me sad for a season. For it was as if his father's spirit were looking out of his blue-gray eyes. But little Sedley, though he inherited Horace's sweet temper and buoyant disposition, was made of sterner stuff than his father. He had what poor Uncle Gough used to say Horace wanted—ballast.

You have heard of Mr. Norcliffe from your father. He took my nephew as his pupil and helped to make him the clever doctor he is now; and the pretty house where you and your brothers and sisters were born once belonged to him. After my sister's death I gave up the Gable House and came to be near Sedley Lee and his young wife. When children gathered round them, and their pleasant house was filled with the sound of fresh young voices, I begged to have you, my godchild, to be as a daughter to me. Your good parents trusted me with their treasure, and their treasure is very dear and precious to my heart.

Anna died with her head upon my breast, and my hand in hers. My name was the last word upon her lips, as it had been on the lips of him whom we both loved so well.

From my chamber window that looks on the sea I sit and watch the restless striving waves, that rise and fall, and fall and rise again. With very different eyes do I look upon them now, from those of that poor love-lorn girl who saw them through her tears near fifty years ago. The waves toss and leap wildly, but the heart that once beat more wildly than they is at peace. I look out at the sunset, and think with a thankful spirit that my life is setting, serene and bright, even as the daylight dies brightly in the west. I await the summons to depart, not impatiently—for life has many sweet moments for me—but with hope. The remembrances of my early life, its scenes, persons, and incidents, become, not less but more clear to me as I grow old. And sometimes it is with me, as the German poet has said: "The present and near seem afar off, and that which has disappeared becomes the only reality."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Charity toward an Enemy.—A Mr. Stirling, who was minister of the barony church of Glasgow during the war which England and other countries maintained against the insatiable ambition of Louis XIV., in that part of his prayer which related to public affairs, used to beseech the Lord that he would take the haughty tyrant of France and shake him over the mouth of hell; "but, good Lord," added the worthy man, "dinna let him fa' in." This curious prayer having been mentioned to Louis he laughed heartily at this new and ingenious method of punishing ambition, and frequently afterward gave as a toast "The good Scotch parson."

A Notable Difference.—The difference between a bank-note and a bird-note is, that the latter is "cheep" and the former isn't.

A distinguished Frenchman don't like American ladyhood, because the dear creatures eat with their hats on. Not now—a lamp-mat is no hat.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

An Insolvent Dairyman complained that his only persecuting creditor was his Dun Cow.

An Asylum for Lunatic Creditors would find an appropriate site at Duns-inane.

A gentleman was complaining that it cost him ten dollars every time he went to church, as he only attended five times a year and his pew tax was fifty dollars per annum. "Why don't you go oftener," asked a religious broker, "and reduce the average?" That was a poser.

The Koran has the following passage: "Mohammed, in one of his visions, saw an angel in the third heaven so large that his eyes were seventy days' journey apart." What an awful "bridge" he must have had to his nose!

The Telegraph Cable makes a bed of the Atlantic Ocean and pillows of the two continents.

A worthy man, when told that he was about to die, said he was glad of it; he was tired of putting his shoes and stockings on and off. And this is about what life gets reduced to at about seventy.

Found.—The individual who was lost in thought has since been discovered in a brown study.

An author-friend of ours says that all the elegant Cookery-books talk about the Still Room. He only wishes that his adored family would allow *him* such a room.

Why might carpenters really believe there is no such thing as stone?—Because they never saw it.

Smith. "Brown's a regular wag, isn't he? He's fond of cracking his jokes."

Robinson. "Yes, he cracks his jokes—that's the reason they're so bad."

Movable Feasts.—"Baked Taturs all hot!"

"My dear Horatio, I had a very mysterious dream about you." "What was it, dear?" "I dreamed I saw you carried up to heaven in a golden chariot, surrounded by angels clothed in white and purple. What is that a sign of, dear?" "It is a sign of a foul stomach, my dear."

"Sambo, whars de hoe?" "Wid de rake." "Whars de rake?" "Wid de hoe." "Whars dey both?" "Dey both together."

Jarring.—A seller of cement described it as peculiarly useful in mending jars.—"Would it mend the jar of a door?" "There is no occasion for it in that case," said the peddler, "for that is sound enough." "Would it mend family jars?" "In that case, again, there is more sound than sense," replied the peddler, and vamosed.

A Nice House.—"Mamma," said a little fellow whose mother had forbidden him to draw horses and ships on the mahogany side-board with a sharp nail—"mamma, this ain't a nice house. At Sam Rackett's we can cut the sofa and pull out the hair, and ride the shovel and tongs over the carpet; but here we can't get any fun at all."

A Western Paradise is thus described: "No income tax; no infernal revenue; no spies to see if you treat a friend on Sunday; no special police; no dog-tax, school-tax, or bounty fund. And, to end with, the Indians and half-breeds can't tell one greenback from another, so all our ones are tens."

DRY-GOODS DRUMMERS AT THE SOUTH.

It would be singular if our Southern brethren did *not* despise us, if they judge us from some of the men who go among them, and who, in order to secure their custom, outdo rebels themselves in their expression of rebel sentiments. In fact, it must be admitted that now, as before the war, the class of Northern men who go Southward, seeking custom, or designing to make a permanent stay, are the most despicable representatives of the North, and form the most dangerous class of Southern citizens. We give on page 637 an illustration which represents a scene of too common occurrence upon our Southern railroads and in the hotels of Charleston, Mobile, and New Orleans. The picture tells its own story, and it is to us a very painful and disgusting one.

We shall hail the day with joy when citizens from Northern States going Southward shall fairly represent the people of those States. Then, and not till then, will frankness of speech and an honest, unflinching purpose become habitual, and do much to secure that freedom in the expression of opinion which is now in the South almost impossible.

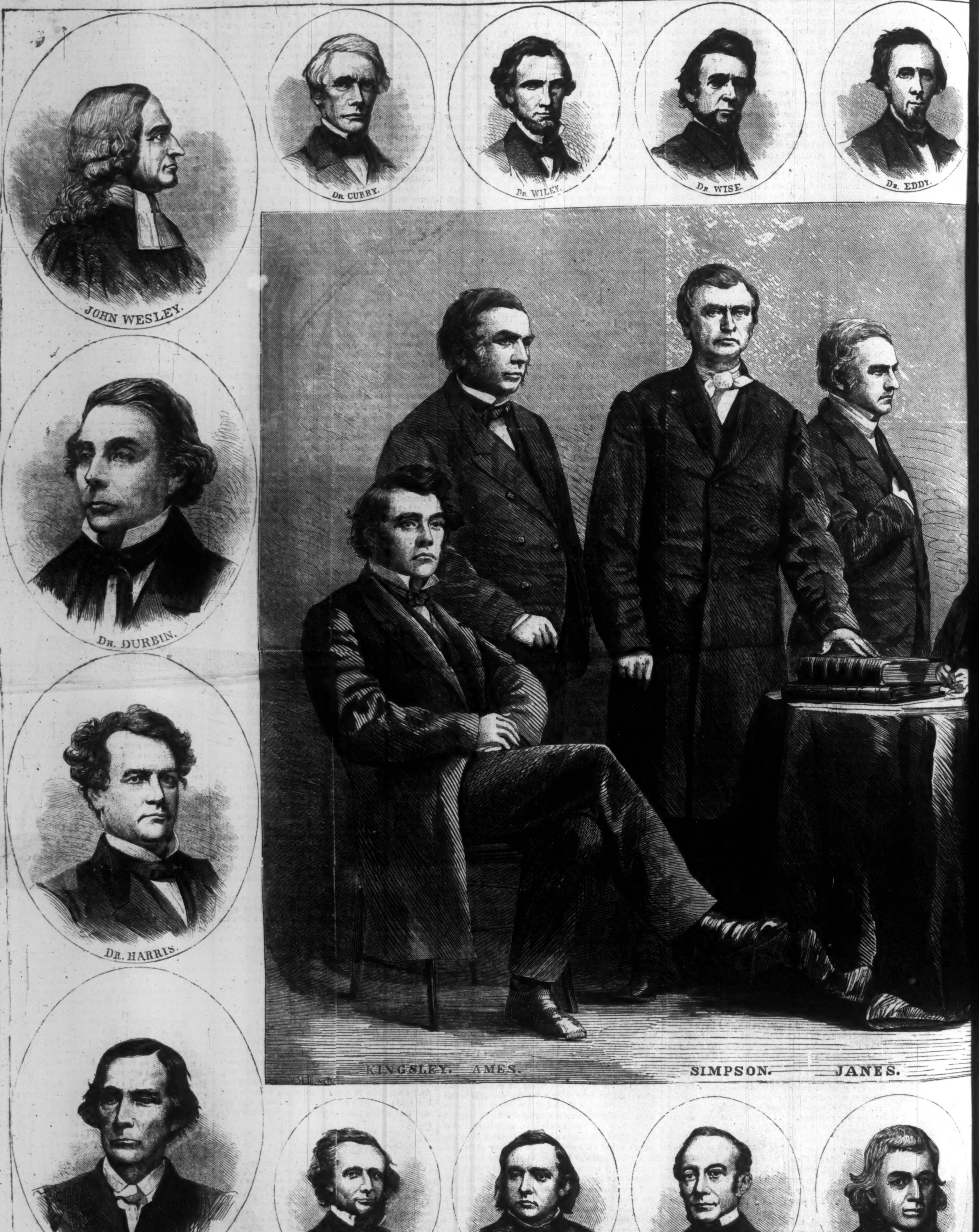
SHERIDAN'S TEN-PINS.

Our soldiers could not very well carry bowling-alleys along with them, but General Sheridan supplied this deficiency by the invention of a game of ten-pins, which we illustrate on page 637. A ball, usually a 12-pound shell, was suspended from the limb of a tree, or from some convenient arrangement. The board on which the pins are set up was placed either beyond or in front of the spot over which the ball hangs when at rest. This is necessary, as it would be almost impossible to strike the pins otherwise. The game is played by throwing the ball so that it shall miss the pins on its forward swing and strike them on its return. In order to do this it is necessary to "english" or twist the ball as it leaves the hand. Some very nice calculation is necessary to do this with certainty. Three shots are given to each player; but he loses these if he strikes the pins on the forward swing.

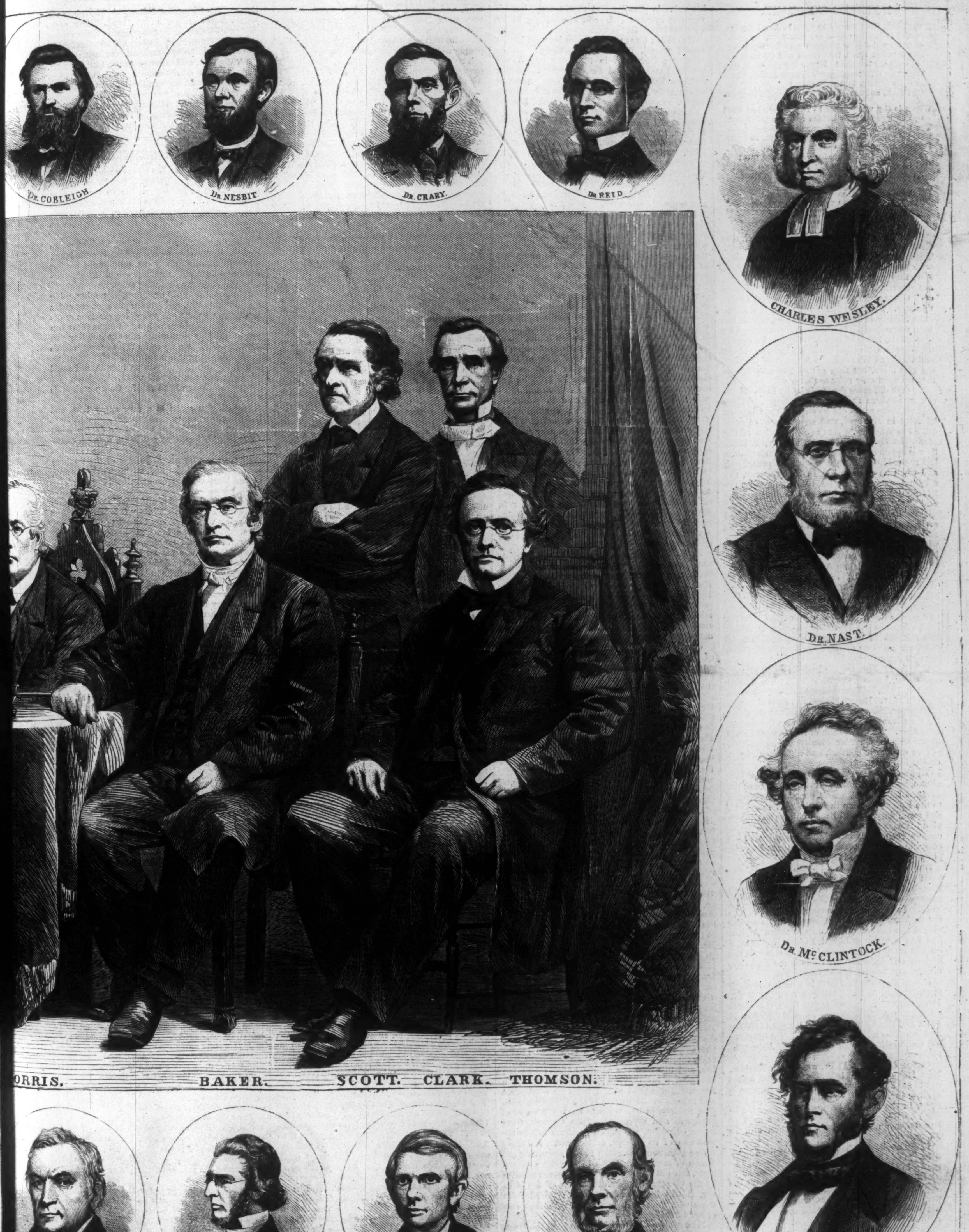
"Sheridan," says our artist, "is by far the best player that I have seen, although some of his staff, among them Colonel Sautelle, are quite successful players."

Following his freely-expressed idea, "that a man is foolish who can not unbend, but makes an effort to be a great man all the time," General Sheridan has arranged a game among the trees about his present home in New Orleans. Here the General with his staff and friends amuse themselves occasionally during the afternoon.

The game was always a favorite in the Army of the Cumberland, but never, we believe, introduced into the Army of the Potomac. General Sheridan invented it for the amusement of the convalescents which camped near Murfreesborough.



DISTINGUISHED MEN OF METHODISM.—From Phot



...OTOS BY BRADY, HALLETT, AND OTHERS.—[SEE PAGE 634.]

NOTHING TO SPARE.

What! hast thou *naught* to spare? Alas! thy lot
Indeed is hapless; thou art very poor.
Poorer than thy poor brethren who have not
The hoarded much, that crieth still for more!
Where are thy baubles? Where thy glittering toys?
Where thy rich trappings? Thy amusements, where?
The daily luxury, that only cloys?
Oh! look, and see if thou hast "naught to spare."

Where is thy wasted time? Thy unbreathed word
Of gentleness? Thy hidden talent, where?
The look of pity which thou mightst accord?
Oh! do not tell me thou hast "naught to spare."
Bethink thee ere thou speakest so again,
And for thy needy brethren have some care;
Oh! be more grateful to thy Father, when
So *much* He giveth thee—so much "to spare."

THE CENTENARY OF AMERICAN METHODISM.

The Methodists celebrate in October their first Centenary in the New World. Philip Embury, Thomas Webb, and Robert Strawbridge, were the earliest pioneers of American Methodism; they were "local preachers," or volunteers, not receiving salaries as do "traveling preachers" whose time is exclusively devoted to the ministry. From the formation of the *first* Methodist Society in America in 1766 its march has been triumphant. In our Centennial picture we present the heads of many representative men in the Church, with all of the living bishops. John and Charles Wesley, the founders of the sect, are also there, but they are so generally known that we need only refer to them.

No man did more for Christianity in the Western hemisphere than Bishop Asbury. When only eighteen years old he entered the itinerant ministry in England, and soon afterward emigrated to America. At the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the year 1784, he was appointed Bishop. The Church had then less than 15,000 members, with 80 preachers; and when he died (1816), in his 71st year, the spiritual army which he led numbered over 211,000 Methodists, with 700 traveling preachers!

Robert Williams, a Wesleyan preacher, had arrived as early as 1769, then came John King, and during the same year Richard Boardman, with Joseph Pilmoor, who were the first regular Methodist or Wesleyan Missionaries. Bishop Coke ordained Bishop Asbury, and these were the first Protestant Bishops of the Western World, unless we should except the episcopal officers of some of the Colonial Moravian settlements. From this small beginning Methodism in America has achieved a greater religious work than any since the days of the Apostles. About two millions of church-members, exclusive of some six millions of congregational adherents, are now embodied in its churches in America.

Elijah Hedding, D.D., was born in Dutchess County, New York, June 7, 1780, and died April 9, 1852. He was elected to the episcopal office in 1824. He established the earliest Methodist paper, *Zion's Herald*, and labored earnestly for the advancement of literary and theological education. He was a man of imposing personal appearance, of singular dignity and simplicity, of rare wisdom in counsel, and high authority in theological science.

Bishop Thomas A. Morris, D.D., is a Virginian, born 1794. After serving as editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, etc., he was elected to the Episcopal office in 1836. Able, prudent, and exemplary, he still lives to bless the Church with his wise counsels—a man of extremely laconic speech, brief but always pertinent in his preaching, in conversation given to anecdote and pithy sayings and no little humor.

Levi Scott, D.D., is a Marylander. He entered the ministry in 1826; in 1840 he became Principal of the Carlisle Grammar School, and subsequently one of the Book Agents at New York. In 1852 he was consecrated Bishop. In the performance of his episcopal duties he has visited the distant missions in Western Africa, and has recently ordained Bishop Roberts, a colored man, to that work. He commands the highest estimation of his Church for his piety, talents, and memorable services.

Bishop Edmund S. Janes is a native of Sheffield, Massachusetts. He was born April 27, 1807, commenced preaching in 1830, was elected Secretary of the American Bible Society in 1840, and Bishop in 1844. He is a most efficient and laborious minister, and has visited officially the California churches and the Methodist Missions in Europe.

Osman C. Baker, D.D., was born at Marlow, New Hampshire, in 1812. He studied under Fisk at Middletown, Connecticut, became a teacher in Newbury, and at a later period Professor in the Biblical Institute at Concord. In 1852 he was elected Bishop. He is a man of sound learning, of singular prudence, and an authority in Methodist jurisprudence.

Edward R. Ames, D.D., is a Western man, a native of Ohio, born in 1806, and educated at the Ohio University. He became a Professor in an Illinois College, Missionary Secretary for the West, and, in 1852, Bishop. His personal appearance commands respect, and he is noted for his devotion and sagacity in the affairs of his denomination.

Matthew Simpson, D.D., was born in Ohio, June 21, 1810, and descended from Methodist stock. At first he studied medicine, then became the Professor of Natural Science in Alleghany College, and afterward President of the Indiana Asbury University. Next we find him editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, and, finally, a Bishop. As a pulpit orator he is inferior to none in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He abounds in happy and brilliant illustrations: his voice is peculiar and monotonous, but his vigorous intellect and vivid sensibility give his sermons irresistible power.

Davis W. Clark, D.D., was born on Mount Desert Island, Maine. He graduated at the Wesleyan University in 1836, and has been a practical teacher, and for several years editor of the well-known *Ladies' Repository*. A writer of eminence, he has published several valuable works. In the year 1864 he was elected Bishop, and is universally respected.

Bishop Edward Thomson, D.D., was born at Portsea, England, 1810, emigrated to the United States in 1819, and studied and practiced medicine. For some years he was either President or Professor in Western colleges. He also edited the *Ladies' Repository*, and in 1860 became editor of the *Christian Advocate*. He was made a Bishop in 1864. He is a polished writer and speaker, and is greatly esteemed.

Bishop Calvin Kingsley was one of the last elected to the Episcopal office. He is a Western man, and a zealous and able fellow-laborer with his brethren who preside in the councils of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was editor of the *Western Christian Advocate* for several years, and also a Professor in the Alleghany College at Meadville, Pennsylvania.

Our picture is so arranged as to represent on one side of the Bishops the Secretaries of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The portrait of John P. Durbin, D.D., is a most striking likeness. He is a Kentuckian, and was born in 1800. After his graduation at college, in 1825, he became Professor of Languages in Augusta College; in 1831 he was elected Chaplain to Congress; in 1833 he became editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*; and in 1834 was appointed President of Dickinson College. He afterward published his Travels in Europe, and in 1850 was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, for the responsible duties of which office he possesses admirable qualities. He is among our most eloquent and popular pulpit orators. William L. Harris, his effective assistant, is also a Western man. He was born in Ohio, November 4, 1817. In 1847 he was appointed Principal of the Baldwin Institute, then a Professor in the Ohio Wesleyan University, and in 1860 Assistant Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society. He is a ready debater, laborious, social, and a general favorite.

J. M. Trimble, D.D., is the Second Assistant Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, a Western man, and resident of Ohio. He entered the ministry as early as the year 1828, and has occupied the most important appointments in the Church. He is greatly esteemed, and is a man of effective talent. He was elected to his present important post in 1864, and now devotes his whole time to its duties.

On the right of the main picture are the heads of three clergymen—Drs. Nast, M'Clintock, and Stevens—all eminent as scholars, writers, and pulpit orators. At the top and bottom are the likenesses of the present editors of the Methodist periodicals, and other representative men. Drs. Curry (editor of the *Christian Advocate*), Cobleigh (editor of *Zion's Herald*), and Haven (an ex-editor, and now President of Michigan University) are distinguished sons of the Wesleyan University. Dr. Crooks, the learned editor of *The Methodist*, graduated at Carlisle, and Dr. Whedon, the metaphysician of the Church, and editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, is from Hamilton. Dr. Reid graduated at the New York University; was formerly President of Genesee College, and is now the editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*. Dr. Wise is at the head of the Sunday-school department of the Church, and is eminent, especially as a writer and editor for children. The Rev. Dr. B. F. Crary, editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*, is a good type of the Hoosier gentleman, ardent and plain-spoken. The Rev. Dr. Eddy, editor of the *North Western Christian Advocate*, published at Chicago, is "a live man," and makes a lively paper. Ardently loyal (as indeed are all the editors of the Methodist papers), he rendered good service to the country during its late conflict. The Rev. Dr. Nesbit, editor of the Pittsburg *Christian Advocate*, is a writer of distinguished ability. His editorials are neat, sharp, and judicious. Dr. Wiley has studied medicine, been a missionary to China, and is now the polished editor of the well-known *Ladies' Repository*. Dr. Newman has become one of the most eloquent and useful men of the Church. His Travels in the Holy Land have been published, and he now discharges the duties of an editor, etc., in New Orleans, and is Professor of a Theological Seminary there. Dr. Lore is a gentleman of learning, and fills well the editorial chair; and Dr. Monroe, a minister of great influence, and a successful preacher, now devotes his whole time and talents to the agency of the Church Extension Society, in which cause he has been most energetic and successful. The Church, from its organization, has shown great wisdom in the selection of its bishops, editors, etc. All those whose likenesses are given in our engraving are "men of mark," and, with two or three exceptions, have at various times been elected to office by the General Conference. Most of the bishops, it will be seen, have been selected from those who have been connected with the press of the Church.

How rapid and astonishing has been the progress of Methodism! On the 12th of May, 1739, the foundations of the *first* Methodist chapel in the world were laid at Bristol, England; and in November following the "Foundry," in London, was consecrated. The former bore the humble name of "The Preaching House;" and the latter took its former title of the "Old Foundry," having been once used for casting iron. At that moment John Wesley had no thought of founding a new sect. He was a firm Churchman, and opened these edifices for the temporary accommodation of his followers, and for a still better reason—the clergy of the Establishment had excluded him from its pulpits and his people from their sacramental altars.

The year when these earliest chapels were opened is considered the epoch of Methodism, for it was in the year 1739, also, that Mr. Wesley organized his *first* society; and this, he says, "was the rise of the United Society," which has continued in unbroken succession down to the present day. Wesley, the great founder of the sect, lived to see Methodism established in the United States with an Episcopal organization. He also saw it planted in the British North American Provinces and the West India Islands, and died in 1791, with his religious system universally effective, and sustained by five hundred and fifty itinerant, with thousands of local and traveling preachers, and over one hundred and forty thousand members.

In the year 1839 was celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of English Wesleyan Methodism, a festive day of religious observance by Methodists throughout their churches in all parts of the world. Pecuniary contributions were called for and answered by a liberality never equaled in their history, if in that of any other Christian body. The "Wesleyans" gave *one million and eighty thousand dollars*; and the American Methodists *six hundred thousand*. Signal indeed had been the blessings of Heaven upon their past history, and at that Centenary the denomination had increased to more than one million one hundred and seventy thousand communicants in the United Kingdom, British Provinces, West Indies, the United States, etc., including five thousand two hundred traveling preachers. Its missionaries were about three hundred and fifty, with some three thousand unpaid assistants, occupying about three hundred stations in Sweden, Germany, France, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, Africa, Ceylon, Continental India, New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, New Zealand, Hawaii Islands, Vavau, Feejee, and West India Islands. In their mission-schools they enrolled fifty thousand pupils. More than seventy thousand communicants, and two hundred thousand hearers, attended their mission chapels.

Such was the *first* century of Wesleyan Methodism, clearly demonstrating its Providential mission and the revival of apostolic, spiritual life. Introduced into America one hundred years ago, it has retained the spirit of its original mission, as a revival of evangelical religion; and here its growth has been rapid beyond a parallel. Its first religious society was formed in this city in the year 1766. Before the end of the last century, in thirty-four years, its standards had been planted from Nova Scotia to Georgia, and westward to the furthest limits of civilized society. By this time there were eight annual Conferences, three bishops—Coke, Asbury, and Whatcoat—287 traveling, with several thousand local preachers, and about 65,000 members, of whom 13,000 were Africans. By the year 1825 its communicants had increased to 350,000, and its preachers to over 1300.

American Methodism, like the parent Wesleyan body, has ever taken an interest in education. As early as the year 1784 Bishops Coke and Asbury commenced Cokesbury College, near Baltimore, and from this impulse numerous others have rapidly followed in the denomination. The Methodist Episcopal Church now reports not less than 25 colleges, including theological schools, with 158 professors and teachers, 5345 students, 105,531 library volumes, and property and endowments $3,055,861. To these must be added 77 academies, 556 instructors, 17,761 scholars, 10,462 of whom are females. Before the late war the Southern Methodist Church had 12 colleges, 77 academies, with 8000 students, making an aggregate in the two bodies of 191 literary institutions, with 31,106 scholars. Who can estimate the moral, social, and religious influences which these educational movements of Methodism have exerted in our land?

Methodism is diffusing literature among the people. Wesley himself incessantly employed his pen. The Methodist "Book Concern," as it is called, is now one of the largest religious publishing establishments in the world, its capital having increased since the year 1789 from $600 to nearly $1,000,000. It circulates more than a million copies monthly of periodicals, one Quarterly Review, four Monthlies, one Semi-Monthly, with eight Weeklies. These probably have a larger circulation than any other works of the same class in the world. No one can affirm that Methodism does not greatly contribute to the progress of useful knowledge.

A most prominent place does Methodism occupy in the vital work of Sunday-school teaching. The Methodist Episcopal Church alone has now 13,400 schools, 918,000 scholars, 150,000 teachers, and during the past year claimed 19,000 converts to Christianity in these institutions. In the school libraries are more than 2,529,000 volumes, and nearly 260,000 Sunday-school papers are printed and circulated semi-monthly. We believe that no institutions in our land dispense a mightier power for private and public good than these Sabbath-schools.

Methodism continues essentially, as it ever has been, a missionary movement. From 1808 to the present time the Wesleyans have contributed more than twenty millions of *dollars* for foreign missions. Last year the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church reached almost $560,000, and it has now from this country missionaries in China, India, Africa, Bulgaria, Germany, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and South America. From its commencement to 1865 its funds have amounted to nearly *six* million dollars. It is to raise a million the present year.

According to the last United States Census Report the Methodist Episcopal Church, as a whole, is the richest in the land. Her property in churches and parsonages is there valued at $27,000,000; in colleges and theological schools, $3,055,000—making, exclusive of the Book Concern and other property, $30,055,000. Such statistics are by some thought dull and uninteresting, but they are the ledgers of history, and in Church and State contain the balance-sheet of social and religious improvement, and, as such, we leave these on Methodism without further comment.

SPEAK GENTLY.

"I am entirely at a loss to know what to do with that boy," said Mrs. Burton to her husband, with much concern on her face, and in an anxious tone of voice. "I never yield to his imperious temper; I never indulge him in any thing; I think about him, and care about him at all times, but see no good results."

While Mrs. Burton was speaking, a bright, active boy, eight years of age, came dashing into the room, and, without heeding any one, commenced beating with two large sticks against one of the window-sills, and making a deafening noise.

"Incorrigible boy!" exclaimed his mother, going quickly up to him, and jerking the stick out of his hand, "can I not teach you either manners or decency? I have told you a hundred times that when you come into a room where any one is sitting you must be quiet. Go up stairs this moment, and do not let me see your face for an hour!"

The boy became sulky in an instant, and stood where he was, pouting sadly.

"Did you hear what I said? Go up stairs this moment!"

Mrs. Burton spoke in a very angry tone, and looked quite as angry as she spoke.

Slowly moved the boy toward the door, a scowl darkening his face, that was but a moment before so bright and cheerful. His steps were too deliberate for the overexcited feelings of the mother; she sprang toward him, and, seizing him by the arm, pushed him from the room and closed the door loudly after him.

"I declare I am out of all heart!" she exclaimed, sinking down upon a chair. "It is line upon line and precept upon precept, but all to no good purpose. That boy will break my heart yet!"

Mr. Burton said nothing, but he saw plainly enough that it was not all the child's fault. He doubted the use of speaking out and saying this unequivocally, although he had often and often been on the point of doing so involuntarily. He knew the temper of his wife so well, and her peculiar sensitiveness about every thing that looked like charging any fault upon herself, that he feared more harm than good would result from an attempt on his part to show her that she was much more than half to blame for the boy's perverseness of temper.

Once or twice the little fellow showed himself at the door, but was driven back with harsh words until the hour for tea arrived. The sound of the tea-bell caused an instant oblivion of all the disagreeable impressions made on his mind. His little feet answered the welcome summons with a clatter that stunned the ears of his mother.

"Go back, Sir!" she said, sternly, as he burst open the dining-room door, and sent it swinging with a loud concussion against the wall, "and see if you can not walk down stairs more like a boy than a horse."

Master Henry withdrew, pouting out his rosy lips to the distance of nearly an inch. He went up one flight of stairs, and then returned.

"Go up to the third story, where you first started from, and come down quietly all the way, or you shall not have a mouthful of supper."

"I do not want to," whined the boy.

"Go up, I tell you, this instant, or I will send you to bed without any thing to eat."

This was a threat that former experience had taught him might be executed, and so he deemed it better to submit than pay too dearly for having his own way. The distance to the third story was made in a few light springs, and then he came pattering down as lightly, and took his place at the table quickly, but silently.

"There—there, not too fast; you have plenty to eat, and time enough to eat it in."

Harry settled himself down to the table as quietly as his mercurial spirits would let him, and tried to wait until he was helped, but in spite of all his efforts to do so, his hand went over into the bread-basket. A look from his mother caused him to drop the slice he had raised; it was not a look in which there was much affection. While waiting to be helped his hands were busy with his knife and fork, making a most unpleasant clatter.

"Put down your hands!" harshly spoken, remedied this evil, or rather sent the active movement from the little fellow's hands to his feet, that commenced a swinging motion, his heels striking noisily against the chair.

"Keep your feet still!" caused this to cease.

After one or two more reproofs, the boy was left to himself. As soon as he received his cup of tea he poured the entire contents into his saucer and then tried to lift it steadily to his lips. In doing so he spilled one-third of the contents upon the table-cloth.

A box on the ears and a storm of angry words rewarded this feat.

"Have I not told you over and over again, you incorrigible, bad boy, not to pour the whole of your tea into your saucer? Just see what a mess you have made with that clean table-cloth! I declare I am out of all patience with you! Go away from the table this instant!"

Harry went crying away, not in anger, but in grief. He had spilled his tea by accident. His mother had so many reproofs and injunctions to make that the bearing of them all in mind was a thing impossible. As to pouring out all his tea at a time, he had no recollection of any interdiction on that subject, although it had been made over and over again very often. In a little while he came creeping slowly back and resumed his place at the

table, his eyes on his mother's face. Mrs. Burton was sorry that she had sent him away for what was only an accident; she felt that she had hardly been just to the thoughtless boy. She did not, therefore, object to his coming back, and said, as he took his seat, "Next time see that you are more careful. I have told you again and again not to fill your saucer to the brim; you never can do it without spilling the tea upon the table-cloth."

This was not spoken in kindness.

A scene somewhat similar to this was enacted at every meal; but instead of improving in his behavior the boy grew more and more heedless. Mr. Burton rarely said any thing to Harry about his unruly manner, but when he did, a word was enough. That word was always mildly yet firmly spoken. He did not think him a bad boy or difficult to manage—at least he had never found him so. "I wish I knew what to do with that child," said Mrs. Burton, after the little fellow had been sent to bed an hour before his time, in consequence of some violation of law and order; "he makes me constantly feel unhappy. I dislike to be scolding him forever, but what can I do? If I did not curb him in some way there would be no living in the house with him. I am afraid he will cause us a great deal of trouble."

Mr. Burton sat silent. He wanted to say a word on the subject, but he feared that its effect might not be what he desired.

"I wish you would advise me what to do, Mr. Burton," said his wife, a little petulantly. "You sit, and do not say a single word, as if you had no kind of interest in the matter. What am I to do? I have exhausted all my own resources, and feel completely at a loss."

"There is a way which, if you would adopt it, I think might do good." Mr. Burton spoke with a slight appearance of hesitation. "If you would speak gently to Harry, I am sure you would be able to manage him far better than you do."

Mrs. Burton's face was crimsoned in an instant; she felt the reproof deeply; her self-esteem was severely wounded.

"Speak gently, indeed!" she replied, "I might as well speak to the wind; I am scarcely heard now at the top of my voice."

As her husband did not argue the matter with her, nor say any thing that was calculated to keep up the excitement under which she was laboring, her feelings, in a little while, quieted down, and her thoughts became active. The words, "speak gently," were constantly in her mind, and there was a reproving import in them. On going to bed that night she could not get to sleep for several hours; her mind was too busily engaged in reviewing her conduct toward her child. She clearly perceived that she had too frequently suffered her mind to get excited and angry, and that she was often annoyed at trifles which ought to have been overlooked.

"I am afraid I have been unjust to my child," she sighed over and over again, turning restlessly upon her pillow.

"I will try and do better," she said to herself as she rose in the morning, feeling but little refreshed from sleep. Before she was ready to leave her room she heard Harry's voice calling her from the next chamber where he slept. The tones were fretful; he wanted some attendance, and was crying out for it in a manner that instantly disturbed the even surface of the mother's feelings. She was about telling him, angrily, to be quiet until she could finish dressing herself, when the words, "speak gently," seemed whispered in her ear. Their effect was magical; the mother's spirit was subdued.

"I will speak gently," she murmured, and went in to Harry, who was still crying out fretfully.

"What do you want, my son," she said, in a quiet, kind voice.

The boy looked up with surprise; his eye brightened, and the whole expression of his face was changed in an instant.

"I can not find my stockings, mamma," he said.

"There they are, under the bureau," returned Mrs. Burton, as gently as she had at first spoken.

"Oh yes, so they are!" cheerfully replied Harry; "I could not see them any where."

"Did you think crying would bring them?"

This was said with a smile, and in a tone so unlike his mother, that the child looked up again into her face with surprise that was, Mrs. Burton plainly saw, mingled with pleasure.

"Do you want any thing else?" she asked.

"No, mamma," he replied, cheerfully, "I can dress myself now."

This first little effort was crowned with the most encouraging results to the mother; she felt a deep peace settling in her bosom, the consciousness of having gained a true victory over the perverse tendencies of both her own heart and that of her boy. It was a little act, but it was the first-fruits, and the gathering, even of so small a harvest, was sweet to her spirit.

For the first time in many months the breakfast-table was pleasant to all. Harry never once interrupted the conversation that passed at intervals between his father and mother. When he asked for any thing it was in a way pleasing to all. Once or twice Mrs. Burton found it necessary to correct some little fault in manner, but the way in which she did it did not in the least disturb her child's temper, and instead of not seeming to hear her words, as had almost always been the case, he regarded all that was said, and tried to do as she wished.

"There is a wonderful power in gentle words," remarked Mr. Burton to his wife, after Harry had left the table.

"Yes, wonderful indeed; their effect surprises me."

"Love is strong."

Days, weeks, months, and years went by; during all this time the mother continued to strive very earnestly with herself, and very kindly with her child. The happiest results followed; the fretful, passionate, disorderly boy became even-minded and orderly in his habits. A word, gently spoken, was all-powerful in its influence for good, but the least shade of harshness would arouse his stubborn will and deform his fair young face.

Whenever mothers complain to Mrs. Burton of the difficulty they find in managing their children, she has one piece of advice to give, and that is, "Command yourself, and 'speak gently.'"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE fall season has fairly come, though sultry summer days have been sprinkled all through September. But the gay world, for the most part, lingers no longer in the green fields and beside the blue waters; Fashion, with beckoning hand, invites return, and the streets of New York are thronged with an animated crowd of "fair women and brave men," each intent on business or pleasure. Madame Fashion has not been rusticating in the country during the summer, but, with closed doors, has been ingeniously devising new laws to be promulgated this fall; and now, of course, ladies especially are turning their attention to autumn toilets. The eager gazers who threaded their way through Broadway on the Milliners' Opening Day last week, regardless of the drizzling rain, showed a degree of interest in the great exhibition of little bonnets worthy of a *larger* cause.

Although in some instances there seems to have been an *attempt* to "enlarge," the result appears to be that the new styles of those little ornaments denominated "bonnets" are rather smaller than ever. The two great classes of head ornaments, hats and bonnets, are divided into numerous orders—*Fanchon*, *Empire*, *Lamballe*, *Luleika*, *Metternich*, *Suisesse*, *Chignon*, *Catalane*, *Ristori*, etc., etc.—and these orders into genera and species too numerous to mention. Each lady must examine for herself—with a microscope—and decide which species is the rarest, and the most becoming for her to adopt. The *Lamballe*, in all its unique varieties, still blossoms, fresh and fair; while the *Catalane* is a pretty novelty.

In Paris, simultaneously with the recent announcement that the Empress was about to start for Biarritz, some novel hats, christened "toquets Biarritz," made their appearance. These toquets are made of black, white, and light gray felt, and are bordered with a band of well-curled feathers. In order to give a feminine appearance to this rather masculine head-gear, either a beautiful, half-opened rose, a china aster, a tuft of pansies, or a bouquet of service berries, is added at the side. A Parisian journal, after describing a Lamballe bonnet made of black lace and jet beads, and ornamented at each side (on the ears as it were) with two bunches of violet velvet pansies, adds: "These tufts of flowers on the ears lead us to hope that we are not doomed to walk out with uncovered ears during the approaching winter weather, for although larger bonnets have been made in preparation for the colder weather, nobody will purchase them."

Among the various dress materials which are popular this fall striped and plaid goods of the brightest and gayest colors abound. Irish poplins are as fashionable as ever; and a new shade of blue, called *azure*, and of green distinguished as *petroleum*, are likely to be in special favor. For street dresses a gray mixed poplin, silk and wool, is new and stylish. Plain black alpacas continue to be much worn, and are always genteel. Black silk striped with satin is very fashionable. For dress occasions satin will be in favor. There is a new material, imported by Stewart & Co., called "satin cashmere," a rich twilled silk with a satin finish. It is to be obtained in all shades, and it is said will be a favorite fabric for bridal dresses.

Gored skirts are still in the ascendant, especially for house wear. Skirts are now frequently made slashed up at each side as far as the waist, and edged with deep fringe; they have the effect of a double apron, and are called *Sevillane* skirts. The fringe, which may be either silk or chenille, is never the same color as the skirt. The following description will serve as a model for this novel style: A blue silk petticoat, or rather under-skirt, with a blue ruche round the edge; over this a *Sevillane* skirt of striped blue and white silk, with a deep blue chenille fringe round the edge. With this skirt a white Figaro jacket ornamented with blue fringe and blue gimp would be worn.

Opera cloaks are made of thick warm material, either white or striped in colors. The circular will be the favorite style. Sometimes a hood is added, trimmed with jet fringe, and when drawn over the head it is very becoming.

The mixture of muslin and silk is at present very popular. The newest white muslin bodices are called "Loyses," and are made in puffings and trimmed with three cross-cut bands of silk, the two at the sides describing braces, both at the front and back. The waist is encircled with a silk band and sash, which fasten at the left side; the collar is pointed. The sleeves are formed with three puffings of muslin, which alternate with three cross-cut bands of silk. Velvet is also used for trimming these puffed white muslin bodices, and the velvet is embroidered either with jet or straw.

Among the various novelties of the season are chains which are extensively used for dress trimmings. They vary in size "from the delicate watch chain to the heavy ox-cable."

Portraits of favorite dogs and horses are used to insert in lockets and breast-pins.

A new kind of net is formed with gold and silver braid crossing at wide intervals, and united at every point with a tuft of colored chenille.

Boots are being made with colored heels. Among some recently exhibited in a London shop was a pair of white kid, intended for a bridemaid; they had blue toe caps and heels, piped with blue kid, and were fastened by a double row of fancy buttons up the front.

Buttons form an important feature in the way of dress trimmings. They vary from the size of a "pea to that of a small butter plate."

Ear-rings continue to be immensely long. Five or six interlaced rings, falling nearly to the shoulder, are a fashionable model.

There really is no end to the unique and pretty changes introduced by fashion; yet for the present we will make a period here and turn to other matters.

No one can fail to find in this great city such amusement as is suited to his individual taste. And if his taste happens to need cultivation, there is ample opportunity for training it here. Libraries are to some extent open to the public; and we believe ere long increased facilities in the way of public circulating libraries, reading-rooms, etc., will give to every one ample opportunity for indulging a taste for reading. Concerts of various kinds, sacred and secular, vocal and instrumental, are more than ever demanded by the public. The drama, the comedy, and the tragedy, in various grades of excellence according to the popular standard, are sources of entertainment to multitudes. Ristori's recent appearance has awakened a great enthusiasm in her behalf; and her wonderful power as a tragedienne has seldom been surpassed. The lovers of pictures will be able to gratify their taste at numerous places. Messrs. Goupil and Schaus have fine collections of engravings, to which they have lately added some very fine ones after eminent English artists, which are well worthy a careful examination. It has been projected by Mr. T. W. Dufrene of this city to establish a "Garden of Art." A site has been secured in the vicinity of the Central Park. The ground embraces two entire blocks, bounded on the north by Sixty-second Street, on the south by Sixtieth Street, on the east by Tenth, and on the west by Eleventh Avenue, an area of 41,000 square yards. Here it is proposed to erect a large building fronting on Tenth Avenue, covering the entire line of frontage—460 feet—from Sixtieth to Sixty-second Street. The great object claimed by the projector is to provide New York with a place of popular resort, refining in character—a place which will have the best artistic features if not the real greatness of the palace and gardens at Sydenham, Versailles, or other places world-famous for their scenic beauty: and while he administers to the pleasure of his visitors, he hopes to cultivate a taste for the truly beautiful in art by bringing them in communion with the embodied thoughts of the great Masters of the Past and of the Present.

We have received a communication with a request to insert, which we do with great willingness, regarding it as a very good item for our column:

"*Ed. Harper's Weekly:*

"In your issue of September 8 I notice under the head of Home and Foreign Gossip the following: 'A Western paper contains the following announcement: Engaged—Miss Anna Gould to John Candal, City Marshal, both of Leavenworth, Kansas,' etc. Now, as our 'Western' city of Leavenworth contains some 25,000 inhabitants, it is at least possible that a Miss 'Anna Gould' resides here; but as to having a 'John Candal' for City Marshal, I, as a resident of Leavenworth, deny the 'soft impeachment.' Our City Marshal is Joseph Mackle, a worthy soldier, who, I hope for the morals of our city, is *not* engaged to any young lady whatever, for he has already a charming wife; also, a 'sweet pledge' or two. Do you not think your announcement was a (s)candalous joke on our portly Marshal? E. J. M."

In regard to the above we would simply remark that we have never given our affidavit that nothing but the *truth* should enter the columns of "Home and Foreign Gossip." The name is sufficiently indicative of the general character of the items inserted. "Gossip" would scarcely *be* "gossip" if it were *always* true. And while we give our readers a variety of matter, both truthful and useful, a good story or amusing announcement is not withheld even if we can not prove its truth. However, we are now happy to notify the public that Miss Anna Gould and John Candal have broken off their engagement, or have never been engaged, or have never *been* at all, just as the case may be!

We have heard of sugar from saw-dust before, but now it is said that a chemist has extracted from coal a substance chemically undistinguishable from sugar. He has named it "phenoze."

Some people cover their eyes with green or other shades when any thing is the matter with them. It is now ascertained by the best oculists that shades injure the sight instead of strengthening it, from their creating heat and inflammation in the parts affected. If the eye be injured and light insupportable, the best way is to tie a cool linen handkerchief over it. We have heard it stated as a curious fact, that, when the English army returned from Egypt, those soldiers were least affected with ophthalmy who had worn no fronts to their hats.

Various accounts come to us of the immense opera-house which Louis Napoleon is building in Paris. It is estimated that it will cost $5,000,000. It will be constructed entirely of stone, brick, and metal, nothing combustible being allowed to enter into its composition. It will cover seven and a half acres, and be two hundred feet in external height, according to report. Every box will have a separate saloon attached, fitted up like a drawing-room, and a carriage way will be constructed from the street to the second story. This will be a little ahead of any thing built in modern times.

A French paper states that arrangements have been made to send some seventy female convicts to Cayenne, the Government having determined to take measures in earnest for the population of that colony. These girls, several of whom are remarkably handsome, are destined to become the wives of convicts in Cayenne who have distinguished themselves by industry and good conduct. Each couple will be endowed with a grant of land and a sufficient loan to pay for an agricultural plant. A hypercritical French journal inquires whether the consent of these prospective brides has been asked, and objects that marriage, and, above all, marriage with convicts, is not within the purview of their sentence.

LITTLE JOHNNY.

EVERY body in Harmouth knew little Johnny, with his crooked back and tiny crutch, with which he could get over the ground a good deal faster than most other people who had free use of their legs. A great favorite was he with the bluff, weather-beaten beachmen, who often used to take him out with them in their shore-boats to the luggers when they were bringing their night's catching ashore. Then they used to make him sing, for he had a capital voice, and had learned to give out the "Death of Nelson" and "Tom Bowling" with nautical emphasis and spirit not to be expected in a child of ten. Standing on the shore you could hear his notes sounding over the water, and presently the shouts and hurrahs of his audience when he came to a conclusion. Johnny had no mother; she had long been dead, having only lived to bring her child into the world, and then pass quietly away as if in a peaceful sleep. The only vestige that remained to him of her was a green mound under the great yew-tree in the corner of Harmouth Church-yard, and there every Sunday after the morning service he and his father would be found hand in hand, silent and sad. For though he had lost his wife close on half a score years, Joe Barton, rough and iron-hearted as he was, had not forgotten her who for one brief twelve months made life sunshine to him. "Poor little woman!" he would say, turning away; and as he passed through the gate that led out of the resting-place of the dead a great salt tear as big as a pebble would force its way out and slowly creep down his brown cheek. He and Johnny lived in a comfortable cottage outside the town, for Joe had been a successful man; from a fisherman he had gradually become part-owner of a lugger, then sole proprietor, and then at last had no less than three boats of his own. So in course of time he secured a very nice little nest-egg which he invested in the shares of the county bank, and then having labored long and well, retired to rest him for the remainder of his days. The bank had a local branch at Harmouth, and most of the fishermen and inhabitants deposited their money there. Joe always had an intense love of the sea. He was wont to say "that it did his heart good to hear the waves, and that they used to talk to him for all the world like human beings." When he gave up fishing he had built a small pleasure-boat, which was christened with great ceremony *The Saucy Jack*, and a smart, trim little craft she was, with sailing powers something perfectly miraculous. All through the summer she was kept fully occupied, and heart-rending were the appeals Joe had to listen to from the juvenile frequenters of the beach to take them out for a sail with him. But he always had plenty of company, and what with his sea stories and biscuits and ginger-beer Joe Barton was at last worshiped as a hero. Johnny ever went with him on these marine excursions, and despite his deformity and ever-attendant crutch, without which he could not move, he had learned to handle and manœuvre *The Saucy Jack* with the greatest ease, and was as expert at taking in a reef or "putting about" as the oldest salt in Harmouth.

It was a glorious summer's day, the sea so smooth that it rippled on to the beach without noise, and seemed to be coyly kissing the pebbles. So hot, too, that the rowers in the many boats floating about were leaning listlessly on their oars, allowing themselves to drift lazily along with the tide. All Harmouth seemed to be on the water, every thing in the shape of a boat was engaged. *The Saucy Jack* alone remained idle. There she lay, about a hundred yards from the shore, securely anchored, and every thing as neatly fastened up as when she had been left the night before. Many and anxious were the inquiries for Joe Barton, and general were the expressions of regret that he should not be in the way on such a lovely day. No one knew where he had gone, not even Johnny. All he could say was that his father had received a letter the night before, after reading which he had sat silent and gloomy all the rest of the evening, and gone out before six o'clock in the morning, when he was abed, without saying a word. So *The Saucy Jack* remained idle all through that livelong summer's day.

Evening came on, and Johnny, who had been lounging about uneasily, for he could not bear his father to be away from him, began to feel very tired and sleepy, and thinking that a nap on board would be cool and comfortable, hailed one of the passing boats, and was duly transported to *The Saucy Jack*. Creeping into the little cabin at her bow, in which spare sails, empty ginger-beer bottles, and such like were kept, he soon fell into a sound and heavy slumber. How long it lasted he knew not, but when he woke he was startled by hearing a rippling sound above his head; it was quite dark, too, and the boat felt as if she were moving smartly along. What could have happened? Had she broke away from her anchor? For a moment he lay still, frightened in spite of himself. Then slowly he raised himself on his elbow, and rubbing his eyes, peered through the narrow aperture through which he had entered. He could see the mainsail bellied out with the fresh breeze, and that was all. But was it not enough? He knew he was out on the sea, but how had he come there? Could any body out of spite have sent him adrift? No; he knew of no one who had a grudge against him; suddenly he was startled by a groan as if of pain. His heart thumped against his side, the perspiration broke out in great beads on his forehead, he neither moved hand nor foot. Then ensued an agonizing silence, and then a voice, hoarse and broken with emotion, burst into a passionate prayer. Johnny was braver now, and dragging himself along on his hands and knees as quickly as his infirmities would allow, he made for the entrance and thrust his head out. There was no moon, but the stars shone out bravely, and in their light he could see the figure of a man with his back toward him, rocking backward and forward, his face buried in his hands and murmuring to himself. Who could it be? Johnny essayed to speak, but his lips were parched, soundless, and glued together, his tongue rough and dry. He stared at the black shadow as if it were a spirit. Between it and him there was a seat running across the boat; he tried to reach it in order to pull himself along, but could not. The figure moved its head, and in a momentary flash of summer lightning Johnny saw that it was his father. He sought to speak again, but he could not, while his eyes eagerly devoured his every movement. He saw him move his hand down to the seat beside him, he saw him raise his arm with something that glittered in the silver light, he heard a click, and then, as if by inspiration, the truth burst upon him. Hurling himself forward with the energy of despair he caught his father by the arm. There was a flash, a report, and then he felt something graze his fingers. But he heeded it not; seizing the pistol from his hand he threw it with all his strength into the sea, and then sank fainting into the bottom of the boat.

Black grew the clouds, higher rose the wind, beating up the waves into angry contention. There was every appearance of the advent of a severe storm. *The Saucy Jack*, left to herself, was heeling over in the trough of the sea in a perilous manner, but still Joe Barton, for it was he, sat with his face in his hands; still Johnny lay silent and motionless in the bottom of the boat. Presently a great, green wave came curling along, and dashing against the boat's side, wetted both to the skin. It roused Joe from his stupor, it roused Johnny from his insensibility; in another moment they were in one another's arms. Still the wind freshened, still the waves rose higher and higher, those two clasped in that firm embrace heeded them not, for the mercy of God was in their hearts, and the storm and tempest had no fear for them.

It blew a gale that night and morning, and a large vessel went ashore on Harmouth sands, but no lives were lost. The wives of the fishermen lay sleepless and uneasy in their beds, for their good men were out on the angry sea earning bread for them and the children. The hoarse voice of the wind and the angry roar of the waves sent a thrill to their hearts as they heard them, and many a prayer stole up through the black sky and gained the ear of the Unseen. When the morning sun broke bravely through the drifting clouds there was a heart-felt shout of thanksgiving to see the toilers of the night come safely into harbor. Huge were the breakfasts eaten, sound was the sleep that followed, for it had been a hard battle between man and the elements.

Later in the day a knot of men were lounging on the shore. "Where's *The Saucy Jack?*" asked one. "Ain't Joe Barton turned up yet?" said another. While old Murtoch, the patriarch of the group, mumbled out "She ain't drawed up, she ain't at anchor; I'm blessed if I don't think she's gone down head first." This inaugurated a conversation about Joe, and various and singular were the reasons given for his continued absence. While they were engaged in this discussion, a man, bareheaded and breathless, rushed frantically down over the pebbles, his face pale as death, his eyes almost starting out of his head. When he reached the group, he stopped and remained speechless. "Hullo, Silas, what's wrong, lad?" inquired one. "You look dazed, man," said another.

"The Bank," he whispered, hoarsely.

"Well, what of the Bank?" asked old Murtoch, impatiently.

"It's broke," he gasped, and then, without vouchsafing any further information, rushed away as quickly as he had come. The news he brought fell like a thunder-bolt in the midst of those to whom he told it; they seemed stunned for a moment, and then hastened up to the town to find if he had spoken the truth.

Alas! it was but too true, the County Bank, being unable to meet a run upon its resources on the previous day at the chief market town, where its head office was, had been compelled to stop payment, and close all its branch establishments. Considerable assets, however, were expected, the number of shareholders being amply sufficient to cover all liabilities. It was some time before the Harmouth fishermen could be made to understand that, if they were only patient, they would have nearly all their money back. They stood in a body outside the Bank door till the darkness took them home worn out and sad at heart to bed. There went out no boats that night from Harmouth to fish!

The morning following the day on which the Harmouth Bank had stopped, a boat was seen some distance out making its way for the shore as well as it could with a broken mast and a ragged sail. All eyes were strained toward it. Whose could it be? Where was it coming from? Old Murtoch, shading his eyes with his hand, gazed silently out over the watery space. Then in a moment he dropped his arm exclaiming, "Well, bless my heart, if it ain't *The Saucy Jack*, with Joe and the kid aboard." Immense was the astonishment; some said "it couldn't be," but by-and-by, sure enough, she glided in past the pier-head, Joe at the tiller, and Johnny making himself useful in hauling in the sails. They both looked pale and weary, but the shout of welcome

LITTLE JOHNNY.

with which they were received lit up both their faces pleasantly. When *The Saucy Jack* had been made fast, Joe and his boy came ashore. All were eager to tell him the news, but none liked to, for it was well known that he was a large shareholder in the bank. But he seemed to understand their whispering, and taking Johnny's hand, he merely said quietly, "I know all about it. It's been and ruined me, but that's neither here nor there," and then moved off toward home. But ere he had gone many steps he took Johnny up in his arms, crutch and all, and carried him home and up to his bed in his own tiny room. He would not undress him, for already was the poor little man in a heavy slumber, but laying him down tenderly on the outside of the counterpane, that great, strong man fell on his knees, and with his face resting on the hands of his sleeping child, thus remained for a long, long time. What he thought, what he prayed, what thanksgivings burst from his very soul only the Book wherein his life is written can reveal. It was one of those times in the existence of a man when the days that are gone are lived over again, and the lessons they have taught are appreciated. Then the clouds roll back, the dawn breaks with promise of fine weather, and he nerves himself anew to face the future, bring it sunshine or storm. Thus taking courage, Joe Barton raised himself from his knees, no longer the craven and coward, afraid to meet the ills of life, but ready to grin and bear them. He was an altered man. And who had been the mysterious agent in the hand of Providence that had wrought his reformation? His poor, little deformed child, who through the night of storm and danger had been near him with lion heart and dauntless courage, who had taught him that mercy is extended even unto him who would take his own life.

A few words more. Years passed on; the expected call had been made by the bank, and Joe's goods and chattels were all sold, but he neither groaned nor grumbled: he set himself manfully to work once again, and though his hair grew gray, and he was not quite so hearty and strong as of yore, yet all were willing to lend him a hand, and he soon began to find his circumstances improving. But for one circumstance he would have been happy. Johnny had never been thoroughly well since that dreadful night of storm and disaster; his back had grown rounder, and he complained of a pain in his leg frequently. Joe grew very anxious; every spare moment was dedicated to his child. One day he took him to London to see a great doctor, and when he came back he looked ten years older, for there was a gloomy prophecy gnawing at his heart. From that day Johnny took to his bed. He was a good, patient little fellow, but he would have no nurse but his dear old daddy; and his thin, pale face, used to light up the moment Joe entered the room; and when his father sat down by him he would put his hand into his horny palms and smile as if supremely happy. One morning Joe came in to breakfast, and, as usual, bounded up stairs to see his boy. Johnny was lying on his back, his eyes turned expectantly toward the door. The window was wide open, and a delicious soft breeze from the sea came playing through it. The sick child was going to his rest, there could be little doubt about that; his eyes were unnaturally bright, his cheek strangely flushed; in a few moments the ebb of the tide must set in. Joe sat down beside him, and then, as he was wont, Johnny put his hand in his, and then slowly and quietly spoke thus:

"Dear daddy, I'm going home. The doctor was right when he told you I weren't good for long. I feel as if I hadn't got no blood in my body, and my legs feel so strange. Hold me up in your arms, daddy, I want to whisper to you."

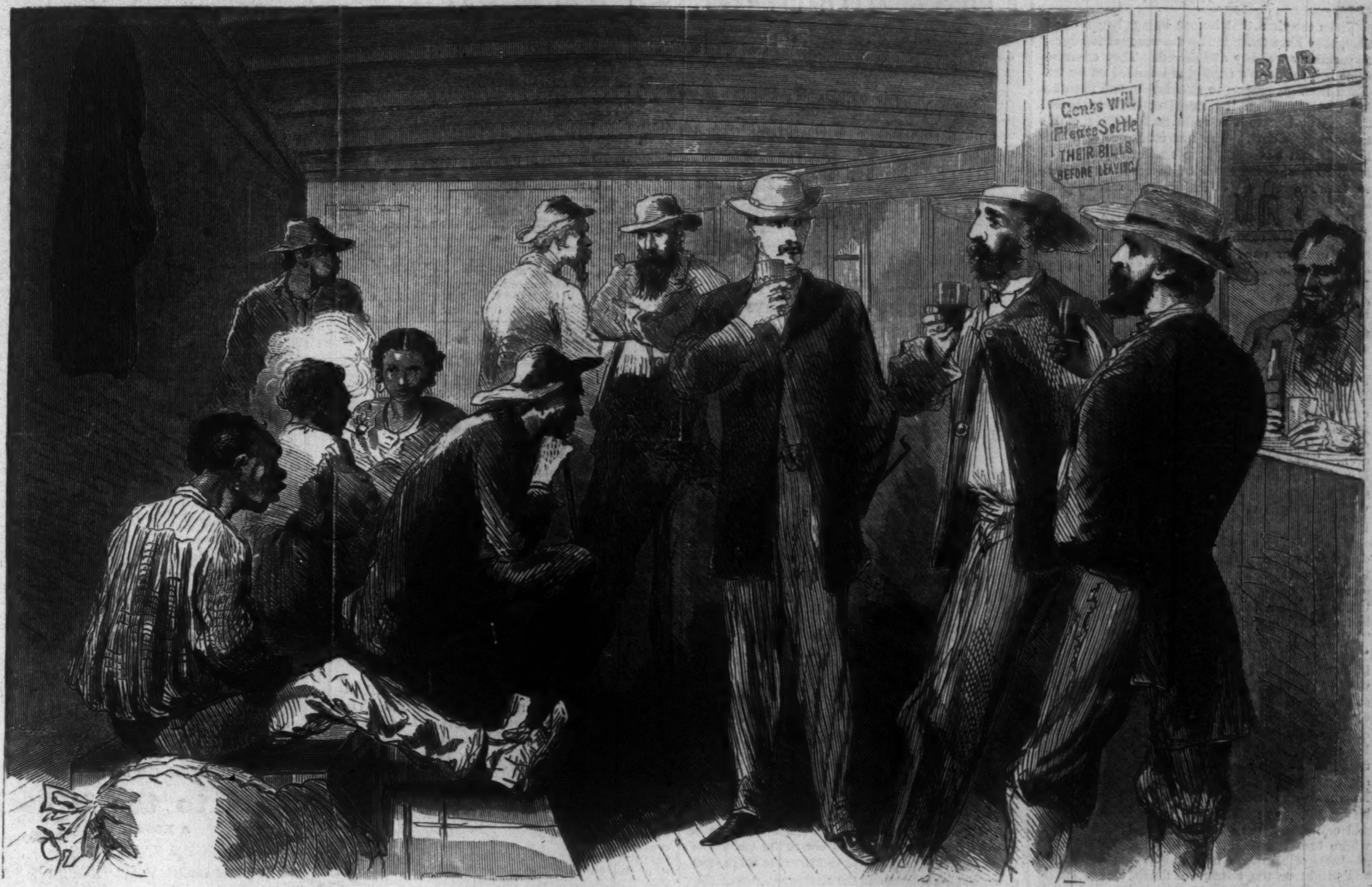
Joe felt inclined to resist for a moment, for he would have gone for the doctor, but the child's manner chained him to his seat. Putting his arm round him, he brought his head close to his shoulder. Johnny nestled himself close, pressed his lips against the big bushy whiskers, and then continued:

"Daddy, don't lose heart again. Promise me that, won't you? Remember, daddy darling, the secret. I—I've kept it, you keep it too, won't you?"

Pressing his hands to his father's face, he looked eagerly into his eyes, passed his fingers over his cheek, and murmuring, "The secret, remember," in a moment was dead.

They laid him in the corner of the church-yard, under the yew-tree, by his mother, and on Sunday mornings, after service, Joe has now to stand alone and gaze on the spot where rest the two beings he loved so well. But his secret is buried there too. What secret? That having received a letter to acquaint him of impending ruin, and found its information correct, he had sought to escape meeting his disaster by himself destroying the life that a merciful Creator had given him. How he was saved from this crime has been told, and the secret that was is a secret no longer.

A STORM ON THE PRAIRIES—A SCENE IN WESTERN LOUISIANA.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]



PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—THE DRY-GOODS DRUMMER ON HIS TRAVELS.—SCENE ON THE GALVESTON AND HOUSTON RAILROAD.—"HERE'S JEFF, FELLOWS!"

Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 631.]

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—SHERIDAN'S TEN-PINS.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.

[See Page 631.]

LAST WORDS.

FROM the time that human beings began to reflect, they have treasured up the words of the dying as peculiarly weighty and sacred. They often become heir-looms in a family, are handed on by tradition from generation to generation, and from being emblazoned on the shield of the iron baron, descend at last to the seals and coaches of his silken descendants. The last utterance of a falling chieftain has often been made the war-cry of his followers, urged them on to deeds of unwonted valor, to recovery of lost ground, and conquest of new.

In Italy the sayings of the departed on their death-beds are sometimes written on scrolls, and hung in their parish church. We have seen a church in Florence, the walls of which were hung in this manner with the devout reflections of a daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Crowds visited the spot before and after the day of the funeral, and were edified, no doubt, by the many good and wise things the young princess had uttered. All the schools of philosophy that have been ever founded, have failed to inspire men at the close of life with sentiments one half so beautiful, so thrilling to the ears of by-standers, so precious to the memories of mourners as those which the Christian religion has put into the lips of her expiring children. They are as flowers that blossom from the bier, and diffuse an immortal fragrance. They are golden texts, which cheer us and fade not away while the night of bereavement closes round our path.

This is rather a serious subject, nor would it be decorous to treat it lightly. There is no sound in the wide world so dreadful as the accents of remorse on a dying bed, nor any instance of it more striking than that of Julian the Apostate. The Persian army had attacked his rear, and he rode to resist them. The imperial standard bore the letters S. P. Q. R., "The Roman Senate and People," emblazoned on it, instead of the Labaram, under which, since the time of Constantine, the legions of the empire had so often rushed on to victory. The Persians were repulsed, but Julian was wounded. His physicians could not stop the blood, and he called for a horse. He tried to mount, fell back into the arms of his followers, filled his hand with blood, cast it into the air, and cried "Galilean, Thou hast conquered!" Not half so sad was the voice of Kosciusko when he fell, though not to die, pierced by Russian lances, and exclaimed, "An end of Poland!" The hero whose breast is clean, who has confidence in the goodness of his cause, meets his fate with dignity, and brightens the horrors of death with a smile. He may die on the scaffold as a traitor and rebel, and yet, like Lord Lovat, in the rising of 1745, exclaim with his latest breath, *Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori!* Not that the noble sentiment came well from him. It was, in his case, a bitter mockery; for his life had been spent in the violation of every duty, and its sole object was self. "'Tis sweet to die for our dear country's sake" would have come better from General Wolfe; and is in fact, in other words, just what he did say when, having gained the heights of Abraham, and fallen on the French at Quebec, he received a shot in the wrist, which he wrapped in a handkerchief, pressed on, concealed a second shot in the groin, and then, being pierced by a fatal bullet in the breast, allowed himself unwillingly to be carried behind the ranks. When told that the French army was totally routed, he exclaimed, "Then I am happy," and instantly expired.

The composure and fortitude which mark the last moments of some heinous offenders is very baffling to moralists. The usual chain of moral causes and effects seem in them to be broken; and it is sometimes, particularly in Eastern countries, difficult to restore the links even in imagination, and to render a plausible account of the miscreant's inner life. Thus Nuncomar, the chief of the Bramins of Bengal, who practiced more than the usual amount of deceit which belongs to the timid and effeminate Bengalee, and who had been detected repeatedly in the most criminal intrigues, was at last brought to trial as a felon, and condemned to be hanged, during the Governorship of Warren Hastings, met his ignominious fate with the utmost calmness. His caste was pure, and the crimes he had committed were common to his race, and often accounted virtues. He conversed with the sheriff about his execution without a sigh or the motion of one muscle of his face. He looked round him from his palanquin on the scaffold and his frantic fellow-countrymen with unaltered serenity, mounted the steps with a firm foot, desired his best remembrances to his friends in the council, and gave the signal to the executioner amidst the wailing and howling of countless Hindoos. Yet all this was the dignity of a deceiver. It was but stage effect, or the stoicism of one whose leading idea is Fate. Very different was the resignation of the great peace-loving general and statesman, Washington, when dying at Mount Vernon. To him craft was unknown. No murmur of complaint or impatience passed his lips, though he suffered severely. His weeping family, his friends, his sorrowing servants stood round him, and a nation, to which he had given birth, was mourning without. "Let me be buried privately," he said, "and let no funeral oration be pronounced over my remains........I am dying hard, but it will soon be over." Such were his simple words. He had never been an orator, nor would the arts of rhetoric, perhaps, have been consistent with the extreme simplicity of his character.

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Principal and Interest Payable in U. S. Gold Coin in the City of New York.

Amount of Issue . . . . $7,336,000.

In Coupon Bonds of $1000 Each.

The Bonds have Thirty Years to run, and are secured by a First Mortgage, constituting an absolute prior lien on that portion of the Road, Equipments, Franchises, and entire Property of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, located in the State of California, and extending from Sacramento City to the California State Line, forming a part of the GREAT PACIFIC RAILROAD ROUTE, adopted and aided by the UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

The amount of these First Mortgage Bonds to be issued per mile is limited by law to the amount of United States Bonds allowed and issued to aid the construction of the Road, and the Mortgage by which they are secured is **declared by Act of Congress to constitute a lien prior and superior to that of the United States Government.**

The aid received from the Government (in amount equal to this First Mortgage) is economically and judiciously applied to the construction and equipment of the Road, together with nearly $7,000,000, received from Stock Subscriptions and other sources. The First Mortgage, therefore, amounts to but about 35 per cent. of the actual cost and value of the property which it covers.

The road is now completed, equipped, and running from Sacramento City to Alta, a distance of 73 miles, and the earnings for the three months ending August 1st were as follows, viz.:

May, 1866 . . . . $65,115 83
June, " 67,429 78
July, " 85,000 00

IN GOLD.

The earnings are steadily increasing, and are estimated at over $100,000 in gold for the month of August—the official report for that month not having been received at this date.

The construction of the road is going vigorously forward—24 miles additional being nearly ready for the cars, and it will probably be in full operation to the California State Line, 156 miles from Sacramento City, during the summer of 1867, when its earnings must be very large, as the entire trade of Nevada, and a large proportion of that of Utah, Idaho, and Montana must pass over its line. It has been shown by reliable statistics that in 1863 over $13,000,000 in gold was paid for freighting goods from California to Nevada alone.

This part of the Great Pacific Railroad Route is destined to be one of the most profitable lines of railroad in the world, and its First Mortgage Bonds are among the best secured and most desirable investments ever offered.

Over $1,000,000 has already been expended in grading beyond the point to which the road is now running, and the iron is bought and paid for sufficient to lay the track the entire distance to the State Line.

The Road has been completed and equipped thus far without the sale of a single dollar of its First Mortgage Bonds, and they are now offered to the public for the first time, after the earnings of the Road have reached the sum of $100,000 per month in gold, only about 25 per cent. of which is required for operating expenses.

The Bonds are offered at 95 per cent. and accrued interest from July 1st, in Currency. Orders may be forwarded to us direct, or through the principal Banks and Bankers in all parts of the country.

Remittances may be made in drafts on New York, or in Legal Tender Notes, National Bank Notes, or other funds current in this city, and the Bonds will be forwarded to any address by express, free of charge. Inquiries for further particulars, by mail or otherwise, will receive punctual attention.

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No. 5 Nassau Street, New York.

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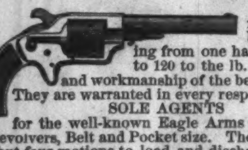

Thes Rifles carry a ball varying from one half oz. each to 120 to the lb. Material and workmanship of the best quality. They are warranted in every respect.

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for the well-known Eagle Arms Co.'s Cartridge Revolvers, Belt and Pocket size. These Pistols require but four motions to load and discharge, a degree of perfection never before obtained. Are sure fire, and carry a much larger ball than any other revolver of the same weight and size. Also Agents for the Whitney Arms Co.'s Colt's model Revolvers, and the New York Metallic Ammunition Co.'s Copper Cartridge of every style and size.

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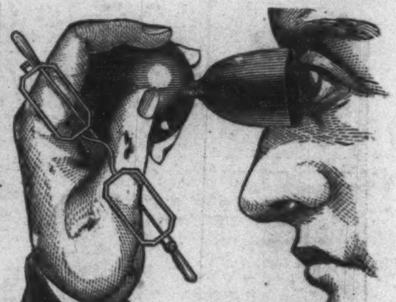

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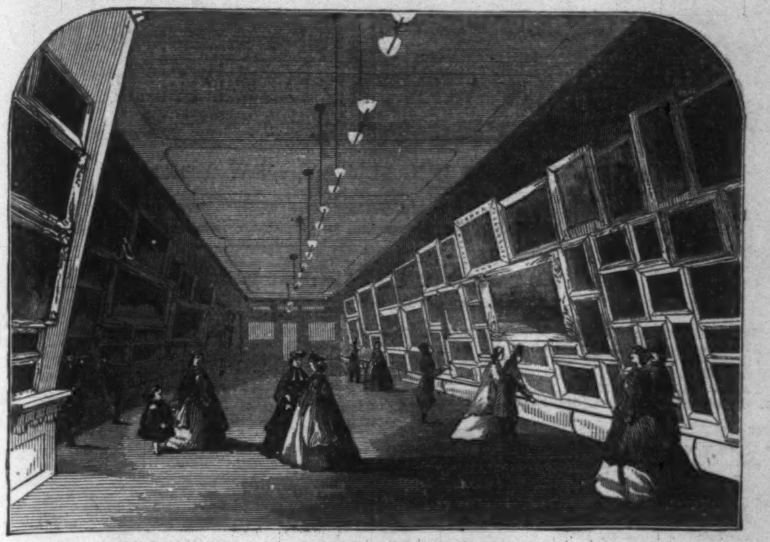

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No. 627 BROADWAY,

(OPPOSITE THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.)

This Company, originally organized as

PIKE'S NEW YORK OPERA-HOUSE ASSOCIATION,

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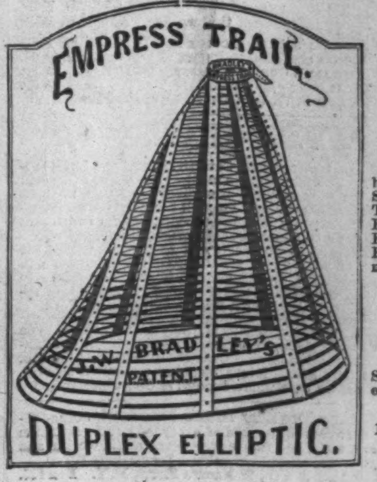

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